CHRISTIAN REGISTER
AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1837. NO. 828.---VOL. XVI.—NO. 25.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

TRUE MODE OF PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

There are many thousands of these people who are accessible by the gospel; and who, even among the most savage tribes, become very deeply interested in the gospel, if they are approached in a proper manner. I will relate a fact in point. I went, in company with three or four brethren, to preach at the towns of the Osages. At the first village we approached, we met a large company returning from a victorious expedition against the Pawnees; they were intoxicated with success; they had destroyed a town, and brought off six hundred scalps, together with a bag full of scalps of white men, (supposed to belong to a party of Indian trappers who were missing,) of which they had plundered the Pawnees. As the Indians have the impression that the missionaries have some authority, as if they were agents of the U. S. Government, they will listen to us when we preach, with apparent respect. Several addresses were made to them; and as may be supposed, against war. This I soon found was unpalatable doctrine. Their ears were closed and their heads turned away impatiently. No effect seemed to be produced, and the assembly was dismissed. The Indians then prepared to hold a grand scalp dance; this is a religious ceremony, in honor of the god of war. The scalps were hung aloft on a pole, and a large fire being kindled, they danced around it, to the sound of rough music, till midnight. The missionaries went to the lodge prepared for them to sleep; but I could not rest. Finding an interpreter, I returned to the revel, and taking advantage of a pause in their dancing, I lifted up my voice, so as to be heard by them all, and exclaimed: 'I am for war! I want to make a war party.' (Here was a great shout.) 'I am going to make a war talk.' (Again they shouted, when alluding to their customs, I proceeded: 'My text, or starting point, I will take from the good book.' Here again they shouted, as if rejoicing that a missionary and the good book were in favor of war; and they then pressed close around me, listening with breathless attention. I proceeded, and announced my text, 'Fight the good fight of faith.' After which I gave them a discourse, of which the following is an outline: I. Who is the leader in this war? Not Mad Buffalo, nor other chiefs whom I named; 'but the Lord Jesus Christ.' 'And who was he?' burst from a thousand lips. Here I described the character and work of the Lord Jesus. II. 'Who are the enemies? Not the Pawnees; not the Camanches, &c. But their sins; Satan; their wicked hearts.' Here I embraced the opportunity to describe their spiritual enemies. III. 'What are the weapons of this warfare? Not the tomahawk; not the scalping-knife; nor the bow and arrow. But the Bible, prayer, &c.' Here I described the weapons of spiritual warfare. IV. 'What is the victory for which we fight? Not to enjoy the scalp dance, &c. but eternal life.' And here I spoke of the nature of heaven, as a holy and spiritual place. I sought, in this manner, to preach the gospel to their conceptions; and for four hours, during which this scene continued, they forgot their amusement, and manifested not the least sign of impatience.

During this 'talk,' some of the shrewdest questions were put to me, denoting that I had to deal with quick and penetrating minds. While describing the crucifixion I was interrupted by a chief with the question, 'Who killed this good Savior? Was it the Osages?' 'No.' 'The Pawnees?' 'No'—&c. 'Then it was done by white men! Ah! brother, see; white men are worse than Indians. Indians kill their enemies when they come to burn and destroy their wives and children, but not their friends. But the white men killed their great friend. No Indian would kill such a good and kind being as you say Christ was.'

[From the New York Observer.]

The most solemn hour of life is that in which it ends. A system which can provide effectually for this hour of decision is the great want of human nature. Does philosophy furnish it? Look at the death of Voltaire. But that account has been questioned. Well then, look at David Hume; what was the occupation of his dying hour? Games of amusement and joking with his friends about Charon's boat. Let us now look at one more death of these lights of humanity.

'Jeremy Bentham was wonderfully systematic in every thing, and was disposed to be philosophic on the every day occurrences of life. He lived like a philosopher, and died as he had lived—like a philosopher. Death-bed scenes are often interesting—that of Bentham was characteristic of himself. It is recorded of him, that some time before his death, when his family believed he was near his last hour, he said to one of his disciples who was watching over him, 'I feel that I am dying; our care must be to *minimize* the pain. Do not let any of the servants come into the room, and keep away the youths; it will be distressing to them, and they can be of no service. Yet I must not be alone; you will remain with me, and you alone: and then we shall have reduced the pain to the least possible amount.'

Christian, look at this, and learn what you gained when you embraced the religion of the Cross. When your dying hour shall come, would you have it your chief care to '*minumize* the pain?' Christian father, will it be your dying injunction to 'keep away the youths?' Ah! how different a spectacle is presented by the glorious bed of a ripe and venerable believer in Jesus, his pain forgotten, swallowed up in the victory of his spirit, lost in the ecstasy of hope. His sons just rising into manhood, about his bed, learning, in his person, the truth and the value of that doctrine he had so assiduously commended to their trust, not 'kept away'—but called, desired, invited that they may receive a parent's parting blessing, and may put their hand upon his eyes that have just closed 'in measureless content.' Here is no solitude on calculation; no loneliness to 'reduce the pain to the least possible amount.' No; it is a family scene: the little child is there, gazing on the loved face of a parent, and listening to words which are engraven upon its heart for ever. The brother, the sister, the fond, faithful wife are there, and while nature's tears steal over the cheek, hear those tears gently rebuked, and kindly soothed away by 'Weep not for me, I know in whom I have believed: Jesus is mine; he comforts me: I shall soon be with him. Follow him, and we all shall meet in heaven.' Reader, which would you be in that hour—the Christian, or the Philosopher? What you would then be, be now. B.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

HERDER'S PARABLES.

[Translated from the German.]

FIRST COLLECTION.

12. *Adam's Death.*

Adam was nine hundred and thirty years old, when he felt within him the word of the Judge, *Thou shalt die the death.*

'Let all my sons come before me,' said he to the weeping Eve, 'that I may see and bless them.' They all came, at their father's command, and stood before him, many hundreds in number, and mourned for his life.

'Who among you,' said Adam, 'will go to the holy hills! Perhaps he may find mercy and bring me the fruit of the tree of Life!' All his sons offered themselves, and *Seth* the most pious was selected by his father for the mission.

His head strown with ashes, he hastened and stayed not, till he stood before the gate of Paradise. 'Let him find mercy, thou kind-hearted one,' wailed he forth, 'and send my father the fruit of the tree of Life.'

Quick the glittering cherub stood there; and instead of the fruit of the tree of Life, he held in his hand, a branch with three leaves upon it. 'Bear that to thy father, said he kindly, for his last cordial before death, for eternal life dwells not upon the earth; only hasten; his last hour is at hand.'

Swift hasted Seth, and threw himself down and said 'no fruit from the tree of Life, I bring thee, my father, only this branch has the angel given me, for thy last cordial here.'

The dying man took the branch and rejoiced. It breathed on him the fragrancy of Paradise, and his soul was elated thereby. 'My children!' said he, 'Eternal Life dwells not for us upon the Earth; you shall follow me. But in this branch, I inhale the breath of another world,—refreshment.' Then his eye burst: his spirit fled.

Adam's children buried their father and wept for him thirty days; but Seth wept not. He planted the branch on his father's grave at the head of the dead, and called it *the branch of the new life*, of the awakening from the sleep of Death.

The little twig grew up to a great tree, and by it many of the children of Adam strengthened themselves with trust in another life.

Thus it came down to the following generations. Beautiful it bloomed in the garden of David until his infatuated son began to doubt of immortality, then the tree withered; but its blossoms fell among other nations.

And when the restorer of immortality gave up his life near the trunk of this tree, the perfume of the new life diffused itself far around among all nations.

SECOND COLLECTION.

1. *The Swan of Paradise.*

From youth up, says the holy legend, Enoch walked with God, and was a quiet contemplator. Already, when a child his angel had conducted him into Paradise. In books sent down to him, from Heaven, he read what is not written on earthly leaves; he read in the book of the stars, therefore men called him *Idris*, the contemplator.

Once, when he was sitting alone under the cedar, a tranquil inspiration came over him: he saw the approaching destiny of the world, which soon was to be swept over by a flood: he saw the day of punishment.

'Oh that I could make the coming world!' said he with a sigh.

Then a glittering Swan came down from Heaven; thrice it flew around the contemplator's head, and then slowly swept away in the clouds.

Enoch recognised him: It was a swan of Paradise which he had once seen in his childhood and had loved. A feather had fallen from his wing; he took up the feather and wrote therewith the Book of futurity.

And when he had long warned his brethren, but in vain, and the light in them desired to ascend back to its place, he took his son to himself and said, 'The days of my life are at an end,—three hundred, five, and sixty short days. Perhaps the good Being, will reckon to thee, my son, the rest of my years, that they may be added to thine.'

He spake and blessed him; the Swans of Paradise were about him and softly raised him on high. Upon their wings they bore him up, and Enoch was no more.

And when his son Methuselah had sought him in vain among the clouds of the holy mountain, a man of a dazzling form stood before him.

'I was the angel of thy father,' said he, 'who brought him up, and, when a child, led him into Paradise. There he is now: he has lived many years, for he soon became perfect, therefore it pleased God, that Enoch should be taken from this life.'

He spoke, and stirring the earth with his staff, there arose a blooming almond tree, the early messenger of Spring; with still naked limbs it puts forth blossoms and announces the joyous time. The angel disappeared, and Methuselah, who enjoyed the years of his father, and attained the greatest age of all the Earth-born, saw every year, the youth of his father in the early blooming almond tree.

2. *Noah's Raven.*

Anxiously Noah looked out from his swimming chest, and waited till the waters of the flood subsided; scarcely did the summits of the hills appear, when he called all the birds around him. 'Who among you,' said he, 'will be my messenger to see if our delivery is near.'

With a great scream, the Raven, came forward in advance of all; he scented his favorite food. Scarcely was the window opened when he flew away and returned not back. The ungrateful bird forgot his preserver and his message:—he attached himself to the dead bodies.

But vengeance waited not. The air was full of poisonous damps, and an heavy vapor hung upon the corpses; it beclouded his eyes, and blackened his feathers.

As a punishment for his forgetfulness, his memory became as dull as his eyes; even he knew not his new-born young, and felt no farther's joy in them. Frightened at their ugliness he flew away and left them. The ungrateful one begets an ungrateful offspring; he must ever dispense with the most beautiful reward, the gratitude of his childhood!

From the Unitarian Magazine and Chronicle.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH UNITARIAN HISTORY. No. 1.

There is a doctrine believed by many wise and good men, which is spokon against by the possessors of Church emoluments. That doctrine is the Unitarian doctrine, which is a generic term, including Arianism, Sabellianism, and Humanitarianism.

Unitarian worship is strikingly opposed to the Trinitarian forms of invocation contained in the Litany prescribed by law. Unitarianism is in direct opposition to the Trinitarian explications, or rather statements, contained in the Athanasian Creed.

It is proper to remark, because writers on this subject have sometimes erred, that it is the doctrine of Trinity-in-Unity, three persons and one God, to which Unitarianism is opposed. The words Trinity and Trinitarians, though for convenience sake they be employed to denote the opposite doctrine, and the advocates of it, are themselves consistent with the Unitarian doctrine. Dr Samuel Clarke entitled his scriptural demonstration of Unitarianism, 'The Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity.' By the Trinity is sometimes meant no more than the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, without affirming their equality and coexistence. Here no Unitarian, no one who admits the authority of the Scriptures can presume to doubt. He regards the Father as the 'only true God,' the Son 'as him whom God hath sent,' the Holy Spirit 'the gift of God to believers.'

We believe that this Christian creed is coeval with Christ and the Apostles. This was the only Trinity which Peter preached in the Holy Spirit and with power. Very evident traces of this belief can be discovered in the first three centuries of the Christian era, gradually becoming less and less distinct as the Christian hemisphere was covered with intellectual darkness.

This sketch of the history of the Unitarian doctrine and worship will be confined to Britain. When the time of the first introduction of Christianity into this island has been settled, it will be proper to ascertain what was the worship adopted by the first English converts. If that event occurred so early as the second century, the worship first adopted by British believers was Unitarian worship, for no other existed in the time of Justin Martyr, and some time afterwards.

Before the period of the Protestant Reformation, it is obvious that whatever Unitarian convictions may have been cherished by Englishmen, there was no opportunity of conducting Unitarian worship in this country in a social manner; if, indeed, we assume that neither Wickliff nor his adherents in the fourteenth century saw this long retiring truth. On many points of a doctrinal nature there is evidence to show that Wickliff was enlightened.

Who then were the illustrious Englishmen, for we may call them so, that first recognised the truth that the Father is the only true God? To discover this truth, which, surrounded by those who believed in more divine persons than one, argued a cultivation of intellect sufficient to render any man illustrious. It will also be interesting to know how they came to the knowledge of it.

The honor of very early receiving, and of suffering for the Unitarian doctrine in England belongs to those who were nicknamed by their adversaries Anabaptists. We learn from ecclesiastical historians, that a people, existing before the time of Luther, had lain concealed in almost all the countries of Europe, particularly in Bohemia, Moravia, Germany, and Switzerland. Many of them differed from the Church of Rome as to the time when members should be received into the Christian Church, and also as to the God who ought to be worshipped, whether the Father alone, or the Father in conjunction with two others.

Burnet, in his 'History of the Reformation,' informs us that in the middle of the sixteenth century, there were many of this persuasion in different parts of England. In the eastern county of Lincolnshire there have remained persons of this persuasion from that time to the present; and also in the counties of Kent and Sussex.

We have now to record the Unitarian conviction of several individuals, too prominent in the history of our country for the sufferings to which, for conscience sake, they were exposed. The flames which consumed the bodies of the holy martyrs to Unitarianism, attracted the attention of the benevolent beholders, and of many who from a distance heard of their sufferings, so that they became, under the direction of Divine Providence, 'a light to enlighten' the darkness of a semi-heathenish population.

A lady of rank, of the name of Boucher,* was the first English Unitarian martyr of whom we have an exact account. She had been a great reader and distributor of the Holy Scriptures, recently translated into English, copies of the whole, or part of which, she would bring to court, and conceal under her robes, for the sake of giving them to those who were desirous of reading the sacred volume when it was dangerous to be in possession of a copy, and much more to be active in its circulation. This eminent person, by reading the Scriptures alone, became a convert to the doctrine of the proper unity of God, and denied the deity of Christ's person. She seems to have formed some fanciful opinions, at least if we may credit her persecutors; but her great crime was Unitarianism, and for this heresy she was adjudged to the stake. The young Prince Edward, more just and enlightened than his counsellors, could with difficulty be prevailed upon to ratify the warrant for her execution. At length, when with great reluctance he had signed his name, he said to Cranmer, with tears in his eyes, 'My Lord Archbishop, as in this case I resign myself to your judgment, you must be answerable to God for it.' This female martyr to Unitarianism expired A. D. 1549 at Aldington, about five miles from Hythe, in Kent, and not more than ten from Folkstone, where, not quite thirty years after Boucher's martyrdom, first breathed the great Harvey, the first English illustrator of the doctrine of the circulation of the blood.

* Commonly written Bocher, an inaccuracy occasioned by the Latinising of her name. A corruption from the same cause has taken place in regard to Mills, the editor of the Greek Testament, inaccurately Mill.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES.—No. V.

[Further extracts from the correspondence of Rev. Mr. Huntington.]

TOLEDO, June 1st, 1837.

After the first Sabbath which I spent in Toledo, I had time to look about me. Several Unitarian friends made themselves known to me, and expressed a strong wish that I would spend a few weeks with them—* * * all gentlemen of the first respectability. I felt my heart strongly drawn towards them, because of the extreme moral and religious destitution of the place. Toledo, you perhaps are not aware, is an incorporated city, containing now between two and three thousand inhabitants, altho' upon the site where it stands, the first tree was cut only three years ago. But I looked around in vain to find a church spire, to which the eye of a New England man is so accustomed. 'Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands.' Our Unitarian friends here, I found, had not wholly forgotten Zion, even amidst their unexampled prosperity. While they were selling lands here, last summer, a mile from the river, by the fifty acres in a lot, at upwards of one thousand dollars an acre, they did not lose sight of religious institutions, but projected the plan of a magnificent church, and actually subscribed 15,000 dollars building it. They also took out an act of incorporation for a Unitarian society. They also opened correspondence with some of our Eastern brethren, in relation to getting a preacher. Salary was a consideration of no importance to them, so they could get a man of the highest order of talents and piety. No one of exactly the right stamp was then in the field; and the consequence was, that until I came amongst them they had never had an opportunity of hearing our views represented in this place. But, though a virgin soil, I found it in a state not the most favorable for culture. The people here were paralyzed under the shock of our financial difficulties. They saw that nothing could be done, this summer, about completing the plan of the last, in relation to building; and they had concluded to let the matter of obtaining a preacher rest, till better times should dawn; for, they knew very well, that, to make an abortive attempt of this kind, would only multiply difficulties in the way of a future movement. When they should have built a splendid church, and got an organ, &c *then*, they thought, they should occupy tenable ground, and be prepared for a preacher. The result of a little consultation, however, after holding our two first meetings, was to unsettle their conclusions and induce them seriously to think of setting about the enterprise of building up a society, without delay.

I do not think that they had the least idea of the difficulty of the enterprise in which they were so easily enlisted; but I said nothing to damp their ardor, knowing well that *whenever* the work should be undertaken, there would necessarily be many and good reasons why it should be commenced at once. I saw them 'scattered as sheep without a shepherd,' and in pressing need of being gathered into one fold, and supplied with such exhibitions of the gospel as should be salutary. With all due respect for a small orthodox society in existence here, I may say, that our friends all seem to feel that the religious influence of the place was not likely to be beneficial to them. They had ceased, almost universally, to attend the meetings of that society on the Sabbath. A gentleman of great candor, and one well versed in theology assured me, that, altho' he highly respected the preacher, yet, the last time that he attended his meeting, the sermon was of a kind, the most effectually to discourage the virtuous efforts of the serious and well-disposed. I saw that there was everywhere along the streets confusion and disorder on the Sabbath; that there were fishing boats out upon the river, and shooting parties in the fields. The sound of the saw and the hammer broke in upon the sacred stillness of the day of rest—several of the shops and stalls were open—young men were riding up and down the streets; and most of those, who had once been accustomed to attend public worship, I was told, had lost the habit. This however was by no means owing entirely to the unpopularity of the orthodox preacher, or the dissatisfaction of the people at large with Calvinistic views. There must always be more or less of disturbance in the streets on Sunday, in a place that is such a perfect thorough-fare as Toledo, till people come to lie by on that day, and this will not be the case, I suspect, till the days of emigration to the West are gone by. Two or three steamboats have sometimes stopped here in the course of a single half-day discharging upon the wharves from one to three hundred passenger each. These cannot stop. In the course of a few hours, they have all left the city—some in the railway cars, others in conveyances of their own, for the interior of Michigan, Indiana, or Illinois, or peradventure for Wisconsin. But this is not whereof we complain. It is true, the accommodation of emigrants and travellers sets and keeps in motion a portion of our population—the *employees* of our seven or eight hotels, the railway, and the forwarding houses, but the great mass of our people might, if they would, find two or three hours of a Sunday to devote to public worship. No, our chief cause of regret and anxiety is—that the concerns of the soul—the great interests of religion—nay, even public order and public morals—seem to be merged and lost sight of in mere scheming and speculation—in seeing sights—in hearing or reading the news—and in money!—Another reason which induced me to favor the plan of building up immediately a Unitarian society in this city, was the commanding position of the place itself. Six hundred thousand farmers to the south-west and west of us, are at this moment wishing to pour their produce through this port into the bosom of Erie and Wabash canal, and by two railways, one penetrating to the heart of Michigan, and the other reaching to Chicago and the Mississippi—all of which great works will soon be completed. Now it must be seen at a glance that a strong Unitarian society established here might exert an important influence upon many and even remote portions of the country to which this city is the key. Another reason was, that there are several, and highly intelligent and influential citizens here, belonging to the Episcopal denomination, who have no meeting of their own, who are so liberal, that, for the present at least, they would 'cast in their lot with us,' if we would adopt their forms. I have therefore favored this idea; and we think of adopting the Chapel Litugy, as soon as we can send to Boston for it—that is—on the supposition that our cause advances in other respects; for the struggle in which we are engaged is still a doubtful one. For these principal reasons, I concluded to spend a few weeks here, and render my feeble aid to a good cause; and I was the better reconciled to the adoption of this plan, from the circumstance that there are already two or three ministers of different denominations at Hillsboro'; and that several of our friends will be absent from that place through the summer. I told my friends here, however, that I should expect them to be at the whole expense of the mission, while I remained amongst them; to which they of course acceded. My six months in your employ, therefore will not be broken in upon by this diversion from my direct route; and however short my stay is here, I shall resume my journey westward, at a time when our friends in Illinois will be at least as well prepared to receive me as they are now—and probably better. If you write to any of them, it may be well to avoid exciting the expectation of seeing me immediately, unless your committee think best that I proceed thither forthwith.

EXTRACT FROM DR NELSON'S CAUSE AND CURE OF INFIDELITY.

An amiable lawyer, after pushing his toilsome but successful course for many years, at last won a seat in Congress. On his way to the meeting of that assembly he was taken with a disease which at first did not seem alarming. A phyician with whom he was on terms of intimacy, went to see him. This physician was one who thought the soul of great value. He believed the disease one of those which flatter but destroy. He felt impelled to tell his friend so, and to ask after his preparation for crossing the river of death. The lawyer answered that he could not believe in Christianity. The docter asked if he had ever investigated the matter? He replied that he had read such and such books on the subject, (naming over some five or six infidel authors,) and that he deemed this a sufficient research. Being asked if he had never read anything on the other side, he confessed he never had. His friend told him that he deemed this a strange investigation, but would wish to hear the argu- of his strongest confidence, that on which his hope leaned with the most quiet security? His answer was substantially as follows: 'I can never believe in the darkness said to prevail over the land at the crucifixion of Christ. The strange silence of all writers, except the evangelist, disproves the statement, particularly the elder Pliny, who devoted a *whole chapter* to the enumeration of eclipses and strange things, would surely have told us of this occurrence had it been true.' His friend the physician answered him with the following facts:—

'My dear friend, permit me to tell you *where* you obtained that statement concerning the *silence* of contemporary authors, and the chapter of Pliny *devoted* to *eclipses*. You read it in the second volume of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. There would be some degree of force in the statement, were it not from one individual circumstance; that is, *it is not true*! A tree painted on paper may resemble an oak, but it is not an oak. There is not a word of truth in Mr Gibbon's account, although the falsehood is polished. That which he calls a *distinct* chapter of Pliny *devoted* to *eclipses* seems to have taken your full credence. Pliny had no such chapter! It is only a sentence, an incidental remark as it were. *It consists of eighteen words.* I will repeat them to you, if you wish to hear them. The import of the remark is, that *eclipses are sometimes very long; like that after Cæsar's death, when the sun was pale almost a year.* A man hears of many things which he does not write. Pliny does not mention the darkness, but Celus does, and so does Thallus and Phlegon, Origen, Eusebius, Tertullian, and others, some of them Christians and some of them pagans.' (The reader can see Horn's Introduction, 1 vol., chap. ii.) 'I am sorry you took the word of that author, splendid as were his talents, for he sometimes penned falsehood without scruple, if religion was his topic.

The sick man was silent—fell into a long deep revery—after a few days he said to a relation. 'If what I read in youth gave my mind a wrong bias, I must abide the consequences, for I cannot investigate it now.' He fell into convulsions and died.

[From the London Evangelical Magazine.]

THE SELFISHNESS OF THE PEW.

In the excellent prize essay recently published the selfishness of the pew is remarked upon with great ability. There is, however, another view of the subject which might have been presented with much advantage. In a great many of our places of worship, particularly in the metropolis, strangers, and persons whose means do not allow them to take sittings, are very frequently suffered to remain in the aisles while there is adequate room for their accommodation in the pews. There they are exposed to much inconvenience from the opening and shutting of doors, the passing of pew-openers, and, though last, not least, the pushing and thrusting of the later attendants, who, with indecent haste, and lordly arrogance, make their way to their seats as though they were going to a box in the theatre on a benefit night, rather than to a part of the sanctuary, of which it is said, 'The Lord is there.' In such a postnre it is impossible to maintain any thing like a devotional frame of mind. And if feelings of devotion happen to be excited, they are almost instantly dispelled by the effort necessary to the maintenance of an erect position occasioned by the passing of some Christian pew-renter, who, by almost pushing you down, practically, yet tacitly exclaims, 'Stand thou by, for I am holier (or, if not holier, at least wealthier) than thou.' But in this position the stranger must remain at least until the devotional part of the service is over, for no Christian is found to offer him a seat, or to point him to a vacant sitting. It is to the house of God that he has come, and it is on the invitation of the Great Master of the feast that he has entered; but so selfish and so sordid, so inhospitable and so mercenary, are his fellow-guests, that they can submit to no inconvenience on his account, nor even allow him to use a vacant seat for which he has not the opportunity or the ability to pay. '*He that hath no money, let him come, and him that cometh I will in no wise cast out,*' says the Lord of the sanctuary; but the Christian seat-holder, in effect, says, 'Thou hast neither part nor lot in the matter.' 'What doest thou here?' 'Behold, I have set before thee an open door,' says the former, 'and no man can shut it;' but the latter, as if to declare the averment of his divine Master fallacious, and his law of kindness void and of none effect, closes the door of the partially occupied seat against the stranger, thus tacitly forbidding him a place in a Christian sanctuary. Instead of earnestly inviting his fellow-sinner to the Gospel feast, the selfish Christian—we beg pardon for this solecism—refuses to accommodate him with a seat, and has upon himself the awful responsibility of (by his incivility) sending him empty away, perhaps never more to put his foot within the door of the sanctuary, never more to come in the way of salvation. If, however, he have bodily strength, combined with Christian patience and forbearance, sufficient to enable him to remain standing, and to endure the manifold annoyances to which he is subjected while the early devotions of the service are conducted, the pew-opener, more humane and merciful than the pew-renter, may chance to give him a seat. But, even then, after losing the satisfaction and advantage of the exercises of singing and prayer, he is too often met, in entering the pew, with frowns and angry looks, which have a power of repulsion all but irresistible. Should patience, fortitude, and perseverance enable him to possess the long-looked-for blessing, he will find himself, after all, but ill prepared to listen with composure to the discourse. Instead of hearing to profit, he will, in all probability, be contrasting the *hauteur*, the selfishness, and the incivility manifested by the pew-holders, with the humility, condescension, benevolence, and kindness of their divine Redeemer, whom they profess to follow and to serve. He will be thinking of the disregard paid to the commands, 'Be courteous.' 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' 'My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ with respect of persons.' 'Be careful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares,' &c. The last command, though primarily applicable to the hospitalities of common life, will more especially apply to the house of God, to which all are alike invited, and where all is common property. Here none are at liberty to appropriate more room than is necessary, while others are unaccommodated. Every such appropriation is dishonest. None can act on the principle involved in the interrogatory, 'May I not do what I will with my own?'

It occasionally happens, too, that wealthy persons are allowed to retain possession of a whole pew, in well-attended, nay, crowded chapels, which they neither fill themselves nor allow other persons to fill, because they happen to be in a condition to subscribe largely. In a chapel in the South of London two females may be seen seated in a pew which will comfortably accommodate eight or nine persons Sabbath after Sabbath, from the beginning to end of the year, and while the aisles are crowded with respectable persons, sitting or standing, this unseemly sight presents itself. The arrogance, pride, and selfishness of these two Christians (!!!) effectually prevent the admission of other persons. And why are they permitted to occupy this space? Forsooth, because the same wealth which enables them to employ a carriage, horses, and coachman four times on the Sabbath to convey them to the sanctuary of that God who has said of his holy day, 'On it thou shalt do no manner of work; thou nor thy man-servant,' &c., enables them also to pay for the whole pew. What is this but a gross prostitution of the house of God? What but setting up an altar to Mammon in the place where Jehovah is worshipped? Surely the Supreme Being may be heard addressing such persons thus, 'Who hath required this at your hands, to tread my courts?' What would be said if these two persons were allowed to hire the whole of the chapel, instead of the whole pew? If such a thing were proposed, every man who heard of it would be shocked.

The proposition would be regarded as an insult to the church, with its pastor and deacons, and an outrage on religion and on propriety and decency. And yet the difference between rendering a part of the chapel useless and the whole—between depriving part of a congregation of sittings and shutting out the whole, is not in principle, but merely in degree.

The following highly appropriate and sensible remarks are from a sermon entitled 'THE VOICE OF THE TIMES,'—preached in Baltimore on Sunday, May 14, by Rev. G. W. Burnap.

An occasional check, or perhaps total prostration, is necessary to bring men to their senses as to the right estimation, and relative importance of riches. By being perpetually dwelt on, and sought as the highest good, they come at length to be made the standard of character, and the sole measure and means of happiness. Our Savior has said, 'that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' 'Take heed therefore,' said he, 'and beware of covetousness.' But the spirit, of which we speak, assumes precisely the opposite to be the fact. Man, a rational, accountable, immortal being, shrinks into nothing, beside the wealth which he accumulates; and the inquiry becomes among his fellow beings, rational, and accountable, and immortal as himself, not what sort of a man he is, how cultivated is his mind, how agreeable and instructive his conversation, how he moves in the wide circle of society, or the narrower sphere of his own family, what he is as a christian and a man, but how much is he worth! What readier way is there to confound all moral distinctions, and turn all human energies to the acquisition of gain, and make men indifferent to every thing else? Let a man become thoroughly imbued with this spirit, and how fares it with his other obligations? He is a husband and a father. Where is his plighted faith to love and cherish, if the pursuit of wealth has engrossed all his thoughts and affections? How can he watch over those who should be dearer to him than life, if they grow up he knows not how, if he sees them no more than a stranger, from the commencement of the year to its close? His character may be formed, but theirs is not. His morals may be safe, but theirs are perpetually exposed; and at the very moment that he is heaping up for them untold wealth, they may be forming habits, which will render it a curse to them rather than a blessing.

Commercial disaster, distress, or ruin, brings such a man to his right mind. It leads him to reflect that he is a man, not a money machine; a father of his children, instead of the mere commissary of their wants; a disciple of Christ, as well as a factor of the producer and consumer of 'the things that perish with the using;' a child of God and heir of Eternity, as well as the chronicler of the rise and fall of the markets. It throws him back upon his own resources, and compels him to seek his true treasures in himself, and in those whom he loves, in a mind conscious of right, 'in clean hands and a pure heart,' in the affections and sympathy of his nearest and dearest; and turns his eye to that better 'treasure in heaven, where moth doth not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.'

Great commercial troubles, disappointments, and [illegible] though they do not terminate in total ruin, have a tendency to make people more contented. There was a deep wisdom in the fable of the sybyl, who offered to the Roman king the inspired books of fate. When treated with neglect, she burnt a part, and came again demanding the same price. Again she was refused; once more she burnt a part of what remained. Again she returned, and her once despised books became the most precious treasure of Rome. Just so it is in life. There is no end to man's desires. The more they are gratified the more they expand. The most discontented therefore, are precisely the most indulged; of course they are the most insensible to the blessings they enjoy. They are always measuring the distance between what they are and what they *would be*, and in the midst of affluence, with every real want supplied, they exclaim, 'Yet all this availeth me nothing,' so long as one wish remains unsatisfied, one hope unfulfilled. Great disaster, either felt or apprehended, turns their attention in the opposite direction, to what they *might be*, and makes them sensible of the space which intervenes between what they are, and the worst they can imagine. Then it is, that they first learn to value what they have, and have long unthankfully enjoyed. What makes them then contented is, that although they have fallen far, yet

> 'In the lowest deep, a lower deep
> Still threatening to devour them opens wide,
> To which the woe they suffer seems a heaven.'

The man, who has lost earthly goods, counts up more carefully the treasures he has left. He prizes more highly the testimony of a good conscience, and that good name, which is better than great riches. The life, the health, the virtue of his friends, and especially his family, become more precious. He learns more fully to appreciate the great boon of life itself. Instead of repining that he cannot choose the conditions under which life is to be passed, he is contented to pass it in any condition which the wise Disposer of his lot shall appoint. He feels it more a privilege to walk God's wide earth, to breathe his pure air, and behold his glorious sun. He learns the true sources of happiness to be the simplest pleasures of existence, of which all alike may partake, *the consciousness and exercises of a rational nature, the natural affections, action, virtue*, and *hope*. These are open to all. Of these, the mere loss of earthly substance cannot deprive him. But these things, in the ardent pursuit of one absorbing object, are too apt to be forgotten, and happiness apprehended to lie in the attainment of what may end only in disappointment and vexation. But the danger, or the loss of that object, brings back the mind to a full consciousness of their value, and never does the human heart thank God more fervently for them, than when all other good threatens to take wings and flee away.

Seasons of commercial distress give occasion for the exercise and manifestation of the noblest virtues which adorn the human character. They try men to the utmost, both body and soul. They give scope for the highest virtues, both active and passive. The qualities of the brave soldier, or general, on the field of battle, are few compared with those demanded of the man of business at a difficult crisis. The sound of cannon cannot be more appalling, or shake the soul more to its centre, than the intelligence which the winged messengers are daily bringing to his ears. He, whose heart does not fail-

ter, who can go on to deliberate with coolness, and act with judgment and decision, must be made of kindred stuff to those heroes who have conquered the world. He has a firmness allied to that which carried the martyrs to the stake. He, who in these times of agitation and alarm, can always hear the still small voice of conscience and obey it, who, with ruin hanging over his head, will not listen to one expedient, which the moral sense pronounces wrong, can go through any mortal trial unharmed. He has come out of great tribulation, and if his robes be white, he has overcome the world in one of the world's greatest struggles, and he shall not fail of his reward with Him, by whom all actions are weighed and to whom all hearts are known. These are the realities of life. The philosopher speculates, the religionist declaims concerning sins which he is under no temptation to commit. But he alone is proved, who has gone down into the battle, has fought and conquered. 'Blessed is the man who endureth temptation, for when he is tried, he shall receive a crown of life.' Under such trials, human virtue, unless broken, waxes strong, gathers might for new struggles and new triumphs.

Who knows whether the best of men be known or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favor of the everlasting register the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methusaleh's long life had been his only chronicle. Oblivion is not to be hired. The greatest part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the Flood; and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

ACCOUNT OF THE DECLINE AND DEATH OF REV. BERNARD WHITMAN. FROM THE MEMOIR BY HIS BROTHER.

Early in the spring of 1834, Mr Whitman delivered a Temperance Address at the Seamen's Chapel, Boston (Rev. Mr Taylor's). Upon exposing himself to the evening air after speaking, he caught a very severe cold. He was much troubled with hoarseness and a severe cough. But he had ever regarded himself as constitutionally secured against the danger of consumptive complaints. He was not therefore particularly anxious in regard to the result of his cough, nor particularly careful to avoid exposure or to refrain from the exercise of his lungs in public speaking. He performed, for a time, his usual duties upon the Sabbath, and held himself ready to speak at other times upon the subject of Temperance. Upon being cautioned by a friend in regard to his course, and reminded that his cough in this way might become fixed and prove fatal—he threw open his coat and said, 'did you ever know a man with such a chest die of consumption?'

Some time about the last of April or the beginning of May, 1834, Mr Whitman visited his father at East Bridgewater, and spent the Sabbath there. It was his intention to preach for Rev. Mr Crafts during a part of the day, and deliver a Temperance Address in the evening. But, when the time arrived, he did not feel himself able to preach during any part of the day. He did however make an effort and deliver his Temperance Address in the evening. This was his native place. Some of his school mates had been ruined by intemperance. His feelings were deeply interested. He spoke with great earnestness, for nearly two hours, although so hoarse before he finished, that it was painful to hear him. He never afterwards spoke in public.

Upon his return to Waltham, he discontinued, at the suggestion of his Physician, his pulpit labors and indeed all efforts of every kind which might interfere with his devotion to his health. His cough remained, and other symptoms seemed alarming. In the early part of the summer it was suggested that perhaps relief might be obtained by journeying.

But he found himself as he thought losing instead of gaining strength by his journey, and he turned back again, believing, as he said, that *home* was the best place for the sick. The effects of this short journey satisfied Mr Whitman that he was laboring under a seated, confirmed consumption, from which there was no hope of escape. He felt that his days were numbered, and that he was called upon to apply his principles to a new class of temptations and duties. As he once said to the writer, 'I have, ever since my journey, been fully satisfied in regard to myself. I have not indeed expressed my feelings, for I would not cut short the hopes indulged by my friends and by which they are sustained, and I have felt it to be my duty to obey every prescription of my physician, and to do all in my power to secure, if possible, a restoration to health. But I am not disappointed at the result, for I have been fully satisfied, from the time of my journey, of my real condition.' He now put in practice, at once, the hints contained in his sketched plan of 'Letters to the Sick.' He endeavored to settle up as far as was in his power all his worldly matters, his affairs of mere business, or give such information and directions as would assist others in arranging them. The writer was called upon to assist in this, and often was he in the sick room for the mere transaction of business, about which Mr Whitman would set himself with as much calmness as he had ever in his life done. For a time, while it was thought there might still be hope, he was careful to avoid all company which might fatigue and injure him. The Rev. Mr Ripley was almost the only person, besides the members of the family, who was at this time allowed free access at all times to his chamber. With this gentleman Mr Whitman had for nearly ten years been associated on terms of the most perfect and uninterrupted peace and harmony, of the most unreserved freedom and intimacy. The houses of each were ever open to the other as a member of the family.

When the Physicians themselves had pronounced his case hopeless, he altered his course in regard to company and saw most of those, especially of his brethren in the ministry, who called at proper hours. He requested the writer to say to his brethren in Boston, that he would not have them stay away out of regard to his weakness, for it would give him pleasure to see them. When one who had visited him was taking his leave and apologized, saying that perhaps by his conversation he had wearied him and should wear him out; Mr Whitman with a pleasant smile, said, '*I must wear out*, and it is pleasant to see and converse with my friends, while the process is going on.' When his friends called to see him they found him cheerful and happy; perfectly aware of his situation, watching, with all the care and all the calmness of a physician, the various successive symptoms of his disease as they indicated the nearer approach of dissolution, and ever ready to converse upon his departure, his hopes for the future world, and his views and feelings in the full and near prospect of death. Said one who had visited him to the writer, 'My feelings, as I approached the house, were of the most melancholly character. The thought that one so active, one so extensively useful, one of so much promise in regard to future efforts, should he thus cut down in the midst of his years and strength, this thought filled me, as I drew near to the house, with feelings of the deepest melancholly. But the moment I entered the room my feelings changed; the peaceful and happy expression of countenance exhibited by the emaciated sufferer, the cheerfulness of his conversation, not a light and trifling cheerfulness, but a sobered cheerfulness, arising from pure feelings from a holy confidence in his heavenly Father, and from a bright view of happy prospects before him, all served to banish feelings of melancholly, and to brighten up the scene with a beam as it were from the eternal world.'

Mr Whitman enjoyed much pleasure in seeing his friends. As he assured the writer, with but a single exception, he had been *relieved* by their visits. And, in regard to this exception, he discovered, he said, after a time, that the individual was troubled with a nervous and trembling dread of death. 'When I discovered this,' he said, 'I spoke upon the subject as well as I was able in hopes, that, if what I said was feeble, the *pulpit* from which I was preaching might give it weight.' Thus true was he to the great principle of his life, availing himself of every casual interview with a friend to do him good.

Mr Whitman undoubtedly suffered much pain. But so careful was he of the feelings of others, and so anxious to avoid giving unnecessary trouble, that he seldom spoke of the pain and suffering he endured. He spent much of his time in reading and hearing reading. The New Testament was his principal book. Other books of a practical character, together with devotional poetry, afforded him much pleasure. He also read the newspapers and kept up his interest in the affairs of the community, especially in regard to its religious condition. He dwelt much, in his conversations with the writer, upon the importance of plain, simple, earnest preaching. 'It is not,' said he, 'it is not to give information, it is to awaken attention that we preach. Go through our parishes, and what do we want? An earnest, plain and direct mode of preaching.'

Such was the appearance of Mr Whitman, during his sickness. With the event of death directly before him, distinctly in view, satisfied himself that there was no possibility of escape, and perceiving by the changing symptoms of his disease, that he was gradually drawing nearer and nearer to that event; he was ever cheerful and calm and happy. With his eye fixed upon the eternal world he did not forget this; but cherished his interest in his friends; his interest in the prospects of religion; his interest in the best welfare of the community. Upon the very verge of spiritual existence, he did not forget that his own spiritual improvement was to be carried out and perfected by the right discharge of the duties of sickness. He spent much thought upon his best course, much time in self-examination. He examined again his religious opinions. He felt confirmed, from his self-examination, that he had done what was important at the time in his controversial writings. He felt more and more fully satisfied with his own pure, simple and rational faith. He had in health, and before the public, argued its scriptural foundation; he had in the trying scenes of life manifested its controlling influence; he was ready, upon what he himself regarded as his own death bed, to bear testimony to its sustaining power. He had valued his own peculiar views in health, not because they were his, but because he felt them to be the power of God to Salvation. He clung to them in death, for he found in them all the support which he needed.

Mr Whitman continued to waste gradually away. He rode out till within a few weeks previous to his death. On the morning of the 5th of Nov. he said that 'he found a difficulty in awaking,' and asked 'if anything had been given him to make him sleep.' He was assured there had not. He asked 'if the room was not darker than usual.' He was assured that it was not. He said, 'is not my mind awake?' He then said that he was dying, and, as there was no man in the house, requested that his brother, Mr Hosea Whitman, who lived near should be sent for. He was asked if he would have the Physician called. He said, 'as a friend I should be glad to see him—he can do me no good.' After some moments he said, '*Father, receive my spirit—I die in peace with all.*' In a short time he added, '*my firm faith in Christ supports me now.*' These were his last words. The Physician, as he had previously expressed a desire to be present if possible at this scene, was called. Mr Whitman lay for some time, perfectly sensible, as was shewn by his extending his hand when the physician from time to time approached the bed, until at length with scarcely a struggle he fell asleep.

A SCOTCH MOTHER.

A clergyman of America, at a public religious meeting, related the following anecdote, illustrative of the power of practical maternal faith.

He was at the time the seamen's chaplain at a Southern port. In the course of duty he was called to the sick bed of a sailor, apparently at the gates of death, from effects of his licentiousness. He addressed him affectionately upon the state of his soul. With an oath the sick man bid him begone, and not harass his dying bed. The chaplain, however, told him plainly that he would speak and that he must hear, for his soul was in imminent danger of eternal death. The man however remained sullen and silent, and even pretended to sleep during his faithful address and prayer. Again and again the visit was repeated with ill success. One day, however, the sick man made use of an expression by which the chaplain suspected that he was a Scotchman. To ascertain the fact, the chaplain repeated a verse of that version of the Psalms, still in use among the churches of Scotland,

> 'Such pity as a father hath
> Unto his children dear;
> Like pity shows the Lord to such
> As worship him in fear.'

The chords of his heart vibrated to the well known language. Tears came into his eyes. The chaplain improved his advantage. Knowing the universality of religious instruction among the Scotch, he ventured an allusion to his mother. The poor prodigal burst into tears. He admitted himself to be the child of a praying mother who had often commended him to God. He had left her long before to become a wanderer on the face of the great deep. No longer he repelled the kind attentions of the chaplain; and after his recovery, his instructer had the satisfaction of seeing him give evidence that he was an humble, penitent child of God.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Northampton, June 5th, 1837.

Mr Editor,—We have had a useful laborer among us in Mr Brooks of Hingham, who has delivered two Lectures on EDUCATION. His mode of treating the subject is highly practical, and his deep feeling gives the force of reality to all he utters. He is asked to lecture wherever he passes, and requires no compensation, he labors without any of the suspicions attendant on mercenary men. He will lecture before the legislature of New Hampshire at their request, and many grateful hearts here wish him all success. May health and prosperity attend him.

AN AUDITOR.

Baltimore, June 12, 1836.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

I send you the first No. of a Religious Periodical lately established in this city, that I may afford your readers some specimens of the spirit in which Theological controversy is carried on in *warmer* latitudes. They will perceive by it, that the honorable category in which we Unitarians have so long figured, has been somewhat enlarged of late by the addition of the respectable body of the New School in the Presbyterian church. The form of anathema runs thus; *Atheists, Deists, New Schoolmen and Unitarians.* 'The Theological Telegraph and American Heretic's Guide,' professes to be the champion of the Old School doctrines and of the late measures of exclusion, which were adopted by the General Assembly at their late session at Philadelphia. The design seems to be, not to reason down their opponents, but to overwhelm them with scurrility and abuse. A cause which has such opposers, cannot fail to flourish, for it must enlist in its favor the sympathies of all just and honorable minds. The apprehensions, which it is calculated to excite, are not for those whom it denounces, but rather for the honor of religion itself, which thus receives a dangerous wound in the house of its friends. Were it not for these considerations, it would be simply ludicrous, to hear the blast of *heresy* sounded under the very walls of our Catholic Cathedral, by a sect which ranks only the fourth in number and importance in the city.

Under whose immediate auspices it is conducted we have not been able to learn. We hope that none of the clergy of this city have a hand in it, though it seems much akin to the proceedings of one of the members of the late Assembly.

Yours truly, G. W. B.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

A LESSON FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Of all the graces which adorn the Christian character, gentleness is one of the most lovely and prepossessing. From the difficulty with which it is acquired, from the very effort necessary for one to make, who would keep an habitual check upon the irritabilities of his nature, we may rightly judge him a proficient in religious duty, who, in all the relations of life, is ever gentle, kind and forgiving. Amid the perplexities of an ever varying world, it is very hard to maintain equanimity of temper and softness of manner.

When subjected to trying scenes of disobedience, what mother can summon up sucffiient resolution to keep back reproachful threats and injudicious imprecations? When incessantly tormented by the willful disturbances of a brother, what sister can restrain her angry feelings the natural product of long continued expression from breaking forth into passionate exclamations and bitter chidings?

What Teacher, when he observes a pupil intent on giving him every trouble he can devise, is able still to bear with him and suppress outward manifestations of the raging choler within?

We can bear to be scolded at and derided? Who can be the same under adversity's opposing storms as under prosperity's tranquil breathings? Who can preserve his brow as unruffled when all things seem to battle with him as when the whole world seems to smile propitiously on him? In answering such questions as these, we are all ready to respond to the infirmities of our nature, and urge the aggravating circumstances, in which we are sometimes placed.

But can we, upon due reflection, deny that it is possible to attain these benign virtues of love, evenness and mildness? Observation teaches us to the contrary. For, not to multiply instances, we can turn directly to one whom we all know or ought to know, one who suffered more indignities while on earth than it falls to the lot of any of us to experience.

We need look no farther than the bright example set before us in the person of our dear Savior whose existence was but another name for patience under injury. He lived at a time when the general outcry was; 'Crucify him,' Crucify him'—and yet he flinched not under his galling sufferings. Shall we refuse to bear his cross and encounter firmly the little thwarts, which a *Christian* community inflicts upon us. Forbid it ye followers of Christ! Let not the pretext present itself that the troubles of this world press hard, when you have before you one who fought so gloriously the strifes and animosities of conspiring enemies.

Bring to mind what Jesus said to Peter just before his crucifixion—'Can'st thou not watch with me one hour?' This life is but an hour, compared with eternity: can we not endure its trials and anxieties for so short a season, when we are assured a more glorious existence, as revealed by our Savior, is near at hand and awaits the truly faithful? yes, we can and will exercise all forbearance, all perseverance and submission, knowing that thus and thus only, we can claim the title of discipleship of Jesus Christ.

The consecutive good results of gentleness recommend this virtue especially to our attention. It constitutes the whole charm of fireside contentment; the bond of domestic union. Little disputes once commenced, gape open into wide chasms of misery. A taunt, though spoken in jest, sometimes assumes the startling character of offensive insult, pointed contempt. Who can set bounds to the evils of discordant feelings? A family, excited in the first instance, by a few words of that unruly member, spoken in a sharp tone or with a scornful import, soon may find itself severed and shattered by conflicting passions and unyielding obduracy. What a repulsive picture! Brothers and sisters who were always designed to love each other are now sitting firmly on the thrones of obstinacy and inexorability, contending, with each other how they can throw out the greatest number of cutting retorts and bitter resentments. And it all resulted from not checking at first, that little agitator which we feel oftentimes within our breast, urging us to return evil for evil. That other little monster, which only whispered gently, 'soft answer turns away wrath,' was neglected, and now how many scalding tears are to flow as a penance for our neglect. One course is left for warding off these casualties. There is one preventative. That is, while we are now young, capable of building effectual foundations for the superstructure of time, we must bridle passion, conquer it lest it break out into action. Let us all resolve, now (and not only resolve but act upon the first opportunity) never to throw back a spiteful word to him who even should say hard things to us; but remaining serene and collected, let us soothe the tempestuous boilings of our assailant with a soft and gentle answer.

Permitting this to be the tenor of our conduct at home, we shall be surprised at the additional delights clinging about the domestic circle, and shall see only blooming, beaming faces, where a little while ago nought but discontent and repelling moroseness were shadowed forth upon every brow. B. G.

Rapin says, 'sparkling images and magnificent expressions are best borrowed from Scripture; let the preacher that aims at eloquence, read the prophets incessantly, for their writings are an abundant source of all the riches and ornaments of speech.'

Dr. Watts says—'As in the conduct of my studies, with regard to divinity, I have reason to repent of nothing more than that I have not perused the Bible with more frequency; so if I were to set up for a poet, with a design to exceed all modern writers, I would follow the advice of Rapin, and read the prophets night and day.'

WOMAN'S ELOQUENCE.

Woman cannot plead at the bar or preach in the pulpit, or thunder in the senate house. Yet hers is no trifling eloquence. Its power, though unostentatious in display, is mighty in result. In the retirement of her own family, in the circle of her friends and acquaintances, in the various intercourse of society, what charm can she spread around, what a zest to every other enjoyment can she impart—what encouragement can she give to virtue, and what reproofs to vice; what aid can she afford to the cause of religion—in short, what an amount of good can she accomplish, and what an immense influence exert, by mere conversation. Is it not, then, of vast importance that her powers of conversation should be cultivated as a part of the course of her education, and not left, as they too often are, to to take their whole character from the adventitious circumstances of life in which she may be placed. But you will inquire how is this to be made a part of instruction; must it not be the result only, of a young lady's intercourse with polished and intelligent society? I think not. I would allow to such intercourse all the efficacy which it deserves, and doubtless this efficacy is great. But I would go deeper than this, I would go further back, even to that period of life, when females are not yet considered old enough to mingle in promiscuous society, and especially to bear their part in the conversation of others much their superiors in age and intelligence. I would have the mother, to all the extent of her power, and the instructress, as a part of her course of instruction, devote themselves to this great object. This is the very way, too, in which all the knowledge that a young lady is acquiring at school may be made of practical use, for it may all be introduced into conversation, either for the entertainment or instruction of others.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JUNE 24, 1837.

The subjoined communication from the pen of an esteemed friend it gives us pleasure to insert in the Register.

We must take the liberty however to correct what in our opinion is an error in the judgement which our correspondent passes upon our conduct in relation to *Abolition*.

We have never intended to make any *apology* for our course with regard to this subject, but only to defend the paper against unjust and unfounded attacks and aspersions, and to avow very freely, that, while we never would apply opprobrious and unchristian epithets to *slaveholders*, we would never be trammelled in the expression of our honest sentiments in relation to Slavery, or in the exercise of our right to insert or to reject Articles offered for insertion in the Register.

As it may not be known to the majority of our readers what was the character of the remark whose sentiment and language we disclaimed in the article to which A. B. C. alludes, we insert it in this place.

There is not, probably, a set of cannibal savages on the globe, more devilish in heart, or murderous in design, than the infuriate rabble who do the binding of the despotic slave holders of our southern states.—*Lundy's National Inquirer, Philadelphia.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

INDEPENDENCE.

Mr Editor,—I know not how far it is allowable or agreeable, for readers to criticise the remarks of Editors. I do not like the idea of dictation or control, from either party to the other. But I observed in a late editorial article in this paper, that some attempts at dictation or control had been made by one or more of your readers, and that your conduct was censured in admitting certain articles which seemed to favor a particular cause—I mean *abolition*. I regretted exceedingly to see that any such censure had been expressed, and I also regretted, if you will allow me to say it, to see anything like an apology from you for that which many of your readers considered an independent and commendable course. On this subject of independence, I wish to offer a few remarks, without any personal reference to yourself or others, but with friendliness and freedom.

It has become a matter of every-day remark, that there is very little independence of thought or expression, in this age of light and land of liberty. Of course, there is and will be a great deal of foolish talk about this want, mere declamation and repetition and exaggeration. But is there not reason for some regret and complaint, at the timid and time-serving and menpleasing spirit, manifested in our public journals? Is there not reason to fear, that those who ought to lead public opinion, or at least guard it from error and corruption, are becoming more and more the mere followers and flatterers of what they suppose to be the multitude? Look at the fact in one or two connections.

Take the subject of *mobs*. What a fearful subject has it been made, by the events of a few past years. What interest in our community, what portion of our country, is not affected by it, and has not already been touched if not darkened and dishonored, by the baneful influence of this spirit of anarchy. And yet how has it been treated in our public prints? How many editors or writers are there in this or any city, who have spoken fearlessly and strongly in rebuke of this vile and fatal spirit? Are we to believe, that the conductors of our journals are in favor of mobs, of any kind, a any time, for any purpose under heaven? We must so believe, or infer that they fear to utter their honest convictions. And if they have reason to fear this as regards popularity and interest—if any important portion of our people are willing to encourage, by approval or silence, these lawless abominations, the days of our honor and peace are numbered.

Take the subject which was the occasion of these remarks—*abolition*. It is a subject on which the whole community is in a state of diseased irritation. You hardly meet a man or woman who speaks calmly on this subject. I can assert from some knowledge and recent experience, that the chance of finding a reasoner upon abolition is as good at the South, as at the North, if not better. Every one here stands at one of the extremes, and as usual both extreme parties condemn the middle men i. e. the men of moderation, discrimination and justice. Yet these are the qualities, which this subject, of all others, most demands. They are the qualities which the formers of public opinion and fomenters of public action, ought especially to manifest and recommend. But where do you see it? What editor or public writer is to be found, who is not violent on this topic? And most of them violent on one side—that which has been and is still perhaps the popular side. They talk and write against abolitionists, so vehemently, so passionately, that you might suppose them to be not only slave advocates, but slave holders—not only condemners of Garrison, but approvers of Mc Duffie! And this from *christian* editors, christian men, christian ministers!

It is both an encouraging and saddening thought, that these same men will, in a few years, be talking and writing all the other way—for the best of all reasons, that in a few years the majority of our people will declare themselves in favor (not perhaps of abolition party, that is not to be expected or desired of abolition principles, discussion and e[illegible]. That it will be so, is as sure as the rising of tomorrow's sun. It may be made clear within this very year; for there are intelligent and impartial observers who tell us already, that our next State Election will be greatly affected by the increase of abolitionists and their determined opposition to all who abuse them. I[illegible] some of our journal writers believed this, they would probably spare their abuse; for we can imagine their political preferences and interests to be even stronger than their hatred of abolitionists. I say all this, with no connexion or attachment to the abolitionists as a body. I have a deep sympathy in their cause, for I know, and every christian in the land *knows*, that it is the cause of truth and humanity. Of their measures, I cannot approve—all or nearly all, I disapprove. But I may err, as well as others. And be it in others or myself, in abolitionists or anti-abolitionists, in Southern or Northern men, I regret and abhor all manner of indiscriminate censure, wholesale abuse, and the opposite of christian courage and moral independence.

This reminds me of another illustration, of which the subject-matter is now fresh before the public—*Miss Martineau*. One of the first, I believe the first charge, brought against this lady, was the charge of being an abolitionist. She was approved, she was welcomed, she was regarded as a woman of fine mind and uncommon powers, until she happened to attend after pressing solicitation, one poor anti-slavery meeting, and there, when again urged beyond the power of comfortable resistance, to say perhaps thirty words in favor of the *principles* of abolition—making the word emphatic herself purposely. From that moment *she ceased*, with the many, to be a woman of any interest, any capacity, or any decency. Men and women who had not and never will have a tithe of her intellect or principle or independence, lavished upon her as indiscriminate abuse, as they had indiscriminate praise before. And now her book appears; and the denunciations which have been treasured up and fed to this time are gladly and madly breaking forth even before the book has been read. The whole newspaper press, with not an instance yet of independent or even cautious judgment, belches out one and the same torrent of indignation. The most offensive passages are alone given, and the fact that she dares to say anything against America—true or false, no matter—is stamped as proof of the weakest head and the worst heart that even a woman ever wore. One extract in particular is made to represent and damn the whole—[illegible] which she grossly disparages, not Mr Everett, but one of Mr Everett's orations, or rather his manner of delivering one of his orations. [illegible] way in which she speaks of it, *is* gross. It is coarse and unpardonable. But the opinion itself is not peculiar to Miss Martineau. She alone may have the courage, or the folly, whichever it be, to express it. But there are those among us, and *men* too, intelligent men, and friends to Mr [illegible] who hold and privately express the very same opinion. I cannot conceive of it. It is utterly inexplicable to me, how such eloquence can appear in that light to any one. But as it does, and all are supposed to have a right to their own opinions, I have no idea of letting this tempt me into abuse of a book before I have seen the book, or abuse of a woman, who, with great weaknesses, possesses a strength of mind and purity of character which will be in vain calumniated, by those who only know her to be an abolitionist, or a foreigner, or a woman, or nothing worse. The truth is, we are too proud and sensitive, to like any book that does not praise and puff us. The writer who would gain the favor of Americans, can easily do it; he has only to offer for it the mention of all that is good, and the omission of all that is evil; a slight sacrifice of TRUTH and INDEPENDENCE!

A. B. C.

ORIGIN OF UNITARIANISM IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The following very full, ingenious and satisfactory account of the origin of Unitarianism in Massachusetts is copied from sketches of *Church History* which have been published in a series of numbers in a Southern Religious Paper!!

The Congregational Churches.

The Congregational Churches of New England were planted before the beginning of the 18th century, as already mentioned; and there has been no particular change, since that time, with which I am acquainted, except that, in Massachusetts, about one hundred and fifty churches have become *Unitarian*. This change in Massachusetts has been mainly attributed to the operation of what is called the 'half way covenant' Owing to the fact, that in early times church-membership was necessary in order to become a voter, or eligible to office, there was a strong desire on the part of men not pious, to enter the church. Hence an act was passed by the synod of Boston, in 1603, which recognized all baptized persons as members of the church, and their children were entitled to baptism. Still they made no profession of their faith in Christ, and did not partake of the Lord's supper. This is what was called the 'half way covenant.' But this 'half way covenant' has long since been a dead letter, and the Trinitarian churches have all returned to their old principle of admitting their communion only such as give evidence of piety. There are now 943 Trinitarian congregational ministers in New England.

We conclude my Sketches of Church History, and for the present, take leave of my readers; hoping that my labors herein have not been wholly in vain. J. W.

THE MARRIAGE COVENANT.

The following is the Marriage Covenant used by a clergyman of Boston about a hundred years ago. In reading it one is forcibly struck with the delicate distinction made between the man and the woman in their separate vows—and also with the peculiar solemnity attached to the promise by the phrasing of the fourth paragraph.

You, the Bridegoom and the Bride who now present yourselves Candidates of the Covenant of God and of your Marriage before him, in Token of your Consenting Affections and united Hearts, please to give your Hands to one another.

Mr Bridegroom, the Person whom you now take by the Hand, you receive to be your married Wife; you promise to love her, to honor her, to *support her*, and in all things to treat her as you are now, or shall hereafter be convinced is by the Laws of Christ made your Duty.

A tender Husband, with *unspotted Fidelity* till Death shall separate you.

Mrs Bride, the Person whom you now hold by the Hand you accept to be your married Husband; you promise to love him, to honor him, to *submit to him*, and in all things to treat him as you are now, or shall hereafter be convinced, is by the Laws of Christ made your Duty. An affectionate Wife, with *inviolable Loyalty* till Death shall separate you.

This Solemn Covenant you make, and in this sacred oath bind your soul in the presence of the great God, and before these Witnesses.

I then declare you to be Husband and Wife regularly married according to the Laws of God and the King: therefore what God hath thus joined together let no man put asunder.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

The June No. of this useful work is under our eye. We are sorry to learn that the Teacher has a list of subscribers so small as to pay but little more than the cost of paper and printing.

It is about commencing its second year—for its conductor having received assurance of its usefulness is unwilling that it should be discontinued. We hope it will receive accessions both to the number of its subscribers and of its contributors.

The following excellent hymn was written by Mr R. C. Waterston for the Bethel Sunday School, June 1837. We publish it that it may have a more extensive circulation among Sunday School Teachers. For every good Hymn is a valuable acquisition to the present scanty stock and ought to be distributed far and wide.

Great God in heaven above,
We offer up in love
This hymn of praise;
Help us, O Lord, to be
True worshippers of thee,
And keep us ever free
From evil ways.

May all our Teachers feel
A pure and holy zeal
To serve thee well
And may they hand in hand,
A blest and happy band,
Lead children to that land
Where angels dwell.

May every opening mind
Some fresh instruction find,
Some glory see;
And, like the budding flower
Beneath the summer's shower,
Show tokens of that power,
Which comes from Thee.

Oh, may this place be dear
To all who gather here
For heavenly food;
And now, O God, we pray,
That this blest Sabbath day
With joy may pass away,
And do us good.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The following kind and valuable suggestion is offered to the Unitarians by our Orthodox friends—in the notice of the annual meeting of the A. U. A. which we found in the Boston Recorder of June 16.

Of the amount of the Society's receipt the past year, we are not informed. From the report in the 'Christian Register' of the annual meeting, we conclude it must have been an animated one. Rev. Mr Sewall proposed that all the Unitarian ministers of New England, should form themselves into a Missionary Society, and contribute, say $5 a year; about $500 might thus be raised. Let each Unitarian Society then give, say $25 annually for this purpose; that would make about $2,500 more, or $3,000 a year, in the whole; enough to support eight missionaries at the West.

Unasked advice is not commonly much regarded; yet if permitted, we would suggest to our Unitarians friends a plan for raising from their hundred congregations a much larger amount than that here proposed; let them preach 'the unsearchable riches of Christ,' with all that eloquence of which they are capable, and with all the fervor displayed by their speakers at the annual meeting, and with all the simplicity of Paul, the Apostle; and instead of $3,000 they shall obtain 10,000 in a single year and support 50 missionaries at the West. S.

ORDINATION AT SPRING STREET.

Mr Theodore Parker late of the Theological School at Cambridge was ordained as Pastor of the Unitarian Church and Society in Spring Street, Roxbury, on Wednesday last.

The public services commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon, and were performed as follows:

1. Anthem.—2. Introductory Prayer by Rev. C. Robbins.—3. Selections from Scripture by the same.—4. Original Hymn by Rev. J. S. Dwight.—5. Sermon by Rev. Converse Francis.—6. Sentence.—7. Ordaining Prayer by Dr H. Ware, Jr.—8. Charge by Rev. C. Stetson.—9. Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. G. Ripley.—10. Hymn, by Rev. John Pierpont. 11. Address to the People by Rev. G. Whitney. 12. Concluding Prayer by Rev. F. Cunningham.—13. Anthem.—14. Benediction.

The meetinghouse was filled with an attentive and respectable audience. The Services were appropriate and interesting, and generally of a very high order. The music was performed with great spirit.

The occasion must have been fruitful of excellent influences upon the parties most intimately concerned in its cause and circumstances, as well as upon all who witnessed its solemnities.

After the Ordination, the Council with numerous invited guests adjourned to the hall of the Hotel, where tea and abundant refreshments were provided for their entertainment. The Table was beautifully decorated with flowers—and fragrance, brotherly love and joy, filled the place.

It has seldom been our happiness to attend an Ordination so well and pleasantly conducted throughout, and calculated to leave such a pure and elevating effect upon the heart.

ORDINATION AT NEWPORT.

The ordination of Mr Charles T. Brooks as Pastor of the first Unitarian Congregational Society in Newport R. I. took place on Wednesday last. The services of the day were intensely interesting and impressive—and although they lasted upwards of three hours, the attention of the audience never flagged but seemed rather to increase as the time wore away. It is comment enough on the performances to say that the Introductory Prayer and address to the people were by Rev. Mr Farley, of Providence; Sermon by Rev. Dr Brazer, of Salem; Ordaining Prayer by Rev. Mr Hale, of Providence; Charge by Rev. Dr Channing: Right Hand of Fellowship and closing Prayer by Rev. Mr Briggs of Fall River.

The discourse, from John iii. 8. 'we therefore ought to receive such that we might be fellow-helpers to the truth'—presented and urged home to the heart and the conscience in a most awakening manner *the claims of Christian Institutions upon the support and sympathy of Laymen.*

The whole effect of the services of the day seemed to be to deepen in every breast a sense of religious responsibility, as well as to renew and brighten the chain of Christian affection.

The following was the Original Hymn.

Father! whose almighty hand
Once thy chosen people led
Through a wild—a weary land—
Guide us while life's paths we tread!

Here we bid thine altar rise—
Shadow it with grace divine!
Oh, accept our sacrifice—
Keep our hearts united—thine!

Bless him, Lord, who here to thee
Consecrates his future day;
May his heart thy temple be,
Filled with truth's celestial ray.

Long to break the living bread—
Long our hungry souls to feed—
Here for him thy table spread,
Hither, Lord, his footsteps lead!

Like the light which Israel led,
And the guiding cloud by day—
Still before us may he tread
In the true—the heavenly way—

Till his work on earth be o'er—
Then,—dissolved this mortal tie—
May we all forevermore
Serve thee in thy courts on high!

ALLEN'S QUESTIONS.

The following note, accompanied with a copy of 'Allen's Questions on Genesis,' having a printed cover with the author's name upon it, has been sent us by the Publisher, B. H. Greene.

Dear Sir,—I have just read in your paper, a very favorable notice of Mr Allen's new Book on 'Select Portions of the old Testament &c.' for which, as one interested, I thank you. As you have also noticed the omission of the author's name in the title page, it is due from me as publisher to offer some apology for such a mistake; and this I do with much pleasure in justice to the much respected author. I will therefore state briefly that I received the manuscript copy of this little work, but a very short time previous to the anniversaries in this city. Its publication of course was very much hurried. The title page of this MS. when handed to me was intended for a larger work on the old Testament, to which the one now alluded to was but an introduction. (This larger work is to be published at a future day, of which due notice will be given.) It was therefore found necessary to alter the title page to suit the small work on Genesis, and in so doing, the printer omitted the author's name. This explanation I trust will satisfy the public for the omission of a name with which I have always been proud to be associated as publisher.

Let me also state here, that an advertisement by the author was to have been inserted in the above named work giving information of the intention to publish a series of Books on the Old Testament, of which the one on Genesis was a part. This also the printer mislaid, and it did not appear in the Book.

By inserting this in your paper you will confer a great favor on the publisher of Rev. Mr Allen's Books. B. H. G.

THE QUARTERLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR,

Is a periodical conducted with ability and spirit by an association of Gentlemen. It is published at New Haven, Conn.

Vol. IX. No. II. for June has been sent us by Weeks, Jordan & Co. The following is the Table of contents.

Wesleyan Methodism on the 'Witness of the Spirit,'—Comparison of the Biblical and Egyptian Chronologies,—Oriental Travellers,—The Necessity and qualifications of Public Agents for Benevolent Societies,—Maria Monk and her Impostures,—Modern Greek Dialect,—On Christian Union,—On the Study of Prophecy,—The Present Commercial Distress,—Miscellaneous Notices.

FOURTH OF JULY.

The following proposition, which is contained in the last No. of the S. S. Teacher strikes us very favorably.

Will you spare me a corner of your Teacher, for a suggestion to Sunday school teachers and friends.

The Fourth of July—our nation's anniversary is fast approaching. Almost every class in society celebrate this day in a peculiar way—this is as it should be—gratitude demands it. Now I would suggest as apropos, that Sunday Schools have some such celebration.

Let us set the example in the city—let us have a large meeting of Sunday school scholars, and in the spirit of religion celebrate the day.

Would it not be well to have a meeting of the superintendents to consider the subject? T.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

We are informed by the Gen. Sec. of the A. U. A. that an Auxiliary Association has been formed in Norton, of which the Rev. Asaelah M. Bridge is Agent.

The Treasurer of the A. U. A. acknowledges the receipt of Thirty Dollars from Jonathan Wheeler Esq. of Grafton, to constitute him a life member of the Association;—Thirty dollars from ladies of the Congregational Society in Concord, to constitute the Rev. Barzillai Frost a life member;—and Fifty Dollars from Miss Susan K. Fitch of Sterling, as a donation to the A. U. A.

*** The subscriber acknowledges the receipt of one hundred dollars from ladies of the Second Congregational Society in Worcester, for the use of members of the Theological School. H. WARE, Jr.

Cambridge, June 2, 1837.

INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATE RIOT.

We alluded last week, briefly, to the disgraceful riot which took place in this city on Sunday the 11th inst. The particulars were so generally known through the secular papers, before the Register was published, that we thought it unnecessary to give the details.

The circumstances which first gave rise to the contest between the firemen and the Irish seem to have been trivial: and, as far as we can learn, the blame of it in its origin, and while confined to the street, was chiefly attributable to the Irish. Their violent and unprovoked attack upon the firemen was likely to awaken the spirit of resistance they manifested in the first part of the contest. Indeed it seems to have been mostly an act of selfdefence, up to the time when the attack upon the houses commenced, in the lower part of Purchase St. Here the contest assumed quite a different character. It was changed from a contention between the firemen and the Irish, into an outrageous and undiscriminating attack of an infuriated mob upon private dwellings, occupied mostly by the innocent and unoffending countrymen of those who commenced the fight.

In this most wanton and disgraceful outrage, we are persuaded that very few if any of the firemen were concerned. It was done, principally no doubt by the thoughtless and unprincipled rabble that would be naturally called together in a great city, by such a contest. The scene which ensued was most pitiful and disgusting to relate. We have not room for particulars. The injury and wrong done excited as it should, the sympathies of our benevolent citizens, and led to the proceedings related in the following Report, which was received last week too late for insertion.

At a meeting of gentlemen held at the Office of the Visiters of the Poor, on Monday, June 12th, at 4 o'clock, P. M. to consider what measures should be taken for the relief of the sufferers by the riot on Sunday last, a committee was chosen to examine the cases of suffering which had occurred and report at an adjourned meeting.

On Tuesday the committee made the following REPORT:

Immediately after the adjournment we personally entered and examined all the houses which had been attacked, and made as many inquiries as possible of the inmates and of others who knew them, and we believe the following statement to be correct. Total amount of loss estimated at over $3000. We do not include the injury done the various buildings by the breaking of doors and windows. This loss must be very heavy and will fall upon the owners of the houses. Peculiar cases of suffering are numerous. Twenty nine families have been more or less afflicted by this lawless attack upon their houses. There are, at least, one hundred and twenty two individuals composing these families, seventy nine of whom are women and children, and the greater part of these have been deprived of all clothing, save those articles they happened to be wearing at the time of the attack. Many individuals have not a single article of property remaining. A very worthy and unoffending citizen, was sitting in his chamber, engaged in reading, when the noise of the rioters drew him to the window. He had just time enough to run down stairs and to bolt the door, when it was assailed and in a few moments broken open. Every thing in that house is now in ruins. Not a single article escaped, even a cooking stove was thrown down and broken in pieces. Every bed in the house was cut open and the contents thrown into the streets. The occupant of the rooms lost over $200 in cash. Another person who had taken no part in the disturbance until his own premises were attacked, lost his stock valued at $500, together with nearly $500, in cash, the greater part of which was in specie, and all his furniture. This man was honest and aged, and while defending his property, was seized and dragged to prison, as a rioter. After remaining there twenty four hours, he was discharged. In the discharge of our duty of investigation it seemed to us that at times, a kind of vindictiveness was displayed which we could hardly have supposed, to have existed in this community had not the proofs of it been before our eyes. Clothing was in many places found torn into shreds; the newly made shoes of a shoemaker, had been cut in pieces, tables, chairs, feathers, crockery, &c. &c. had been thrown into one confused mass. An honest laborer was robbed of $452 which he kept in a box at home, the result of many years' earnings. As a last example of the melancholy effects of this affair, we further state that a tailor, his wife and child, were deprived literally of every thing, the husband being in Charlestown during the whole of the riot. Not merely was their clothing destroyed, but likewise the dresses belonging to his employers were wantonly torn up. In conclusion, we feel it to be our duty to state that the great majority of the sufferers knew nothing about the funeral which had taken place, or of the fact that any disturbance had arisen between any class of our citizens, until a very few moments before their own dwellings were attacked. In view of the immediate suffering consequent upon this destruction of property we would recommend the appointment of a committee of twenty, whose duty shall be to solicit donations of money, clothing, furniture, &c. All which is respectfully submitted.

C. G. LORING,
H. I. BOWDITCH,
JOSEPH EUSTIS,
W. B. BRADFORD,
G. H. SNELLING,
H. B. C. GREENE,
} Committee.

The Report was unanimously accepted. Agreeably to the recommendation of the report, the following gentlemen were appointed a Committee to solicit subscriptions, &c. Abbot Lawrence, Moses Grant, Henry Edwards, Thomas A. Dexter, Benjamin Howard, Isaac Means, Samuel E. Cutler, James Boyd, H. B. C. Greene, Joseph Eustis, Henry B. Rogers, N. G. Snelling, J. H. Rogers, W. W. Stone, Charles Tappon, H. I. Bowditch, G. H. Snelling, Levi Bartlett, Simon G. Shipley, W. B. Bradford.

Any information in regard to clothing may be left at the office of the Visiters of the Poor, under the Savings Bank, or with either of the Committee.

Our friends abroad will be glad to perceive the promptness with which our citizens have come forward for the relief of the suffering,—to do what they may to wipe off the stain that has been thrown upon the honor of our city, by this disgraceful outrage of a lawless mob. The high respectability of the names found in the lists of the different committees, gives assurance that whatever can be done, will be done to indemnify the sufferers for their pecuniary losses. Every good citizen will feel himself bound, we trust, to act in concert with the committee and assist their efforts.

Fatal Railroad Accident.—On Friday morning 16th inst, about half-past 6 o'clock, as the train of dirt cars on the Worcester Railroad had proceeded about two miles on their route to Worcester, one of the cars, loaded with shingles and lumber, broke down, and threw off many persons who were on it: Mr Oliver Everett was among the number, and received a large portion of the load upon him, and was seriously injured internally, and his head was much bruised; he was taken to the Hospital, and it is feared he may not recover. Two Irishmen, Dennis Conder and William Kervin, were thrown under the cars, and the wheel of one passed over Kervin's head, cutting off the upper part of it, and otherwise mutilating his body. Conder fell across the track, and the wheel, after passing half-way over his body, held him, and he was dragged some distance before the cars were stopped. Both of the Irishmen were almost instantly killed. Mr Gilman Barnes had his arm so mutilated that amputation was found necessary.—*Courier.*

A Righteous Sentence.—At the Court of Common Pleas in Worcester, Ms., last week, John M. Knight, on an indictment for cruel treatment to an ox, was found guilty, and sentenced to the House of Correction for three months.

Awful Inundation in Baltimore—Many Lives Lost.—The most extensive and destructive calamity with which the city of Baltimore has ever been visited was experienced on Wednesday night 15th inst. The heavy showers of rain which descended on that night caused a sudden and extraordinary rise of the waters of Jones's Falls, tearing up the mill dams and wooden bridges which cross the upper parts of that stream, and bringing them down against the stone bridges within the city limits. The arches of the latter being thus obstructed, and rapidly choked up by the timber, plank, and other wooden fragments swept away from above, the waters rose with a fearful rapidity about one o'clock in the morning spreading over a large space of the lower parts of the city to a greater or less height and doing most extensive injury. A calamity so sudden, so unlooked for, and so widespread in its effects, occuring too at the dead hour of night, was not confined to the loss of property only; a number of lives were also lost, including among other cases, a whole family of five persons—father, mother, and three children—who were awakened from their sleep, to meet at a moment's warning, a simultaneous death. The precise number of those who perished is not ascertained.—*Transcript.*

Police Court.—The examination of the Broad street rioters was concluded last evening. Two of them were discharged, and the remaining seventeen were ordered to recognize, severally, in the sum of three hundred dollars, to appear at the next term of the Municipal Court.

Exploring Expedition.—The Rev. Walter Colton is understood to have received the appointment which may be called that of historiographer to the expedition. He will, that is to say, be the authorized narrator of the general events of the navigation. The scientific gentlemen who go out as astronomers, natural historians, &c &c. will, of course, make their personal reports of all that belongs to their department; and there is nothing to prevent any other person accompanying the squadron from giving his own separate general narrative, as there may, perhaps, be more than one to do.—Mr Colton is already agreeably known to the public as the author of 'Ship and Shore,' and 'A visit to Constantinople and Athens.'

Capt. Tatnall has declined the command of the bark Pioneer, as a very dull sailing vessel. He consequently does not join the expedition.—*N. Y. Cou. & Enq.*

Facts for Smokers.—The city of New York contains a population, say of 300,000, and it probably will not be exceeding the truth to set down one-third of the whole, or 100,000, as smokers. These 100,000 smokers will each expend 6 1-4 to 25 cents per day for cigars, or tobacco, to be burned in some other form. In Havana, the smoker's lowest daily expenditure is a bit, or 12 1-2 cents, but we will suppose, what probably is not the fact, that Martin's subjects expend 20 per cent. less than the most economical of her most Christian majesty's, and consequently that the average cost of smoking in the city of New York is only 10 cents per day; still the total daily cost amounts to $10,000, or $3,650,000 per annum. Bread is *another* indispensable article of consumption, and it is acertained that it is consumed at about the rate of 13 ounces per day for each, by the whole population. To produce this quantity of bread, about 10 ounces of flour are required, or for the whole population of New York, 957 barrels of flour per day, and this flour, at the present high price of $10 per barrel, will cost $9,570, or $430 less per day than the actual cost of the tobacco used by the same population for smoking only.

Thus a little attention to the subject discloses the painful and disgusting fact, that in the clear-headed, sharp-sighted, money-making city of New York, the inhabitants pay more for tobacco than they do for bread.

And if to this first cost of the article are added the value of the time wasted in using it, the value of buildings destroyed by fires kindled by careless smokers, and last—though not least—the value of the health, and life destroyed by the insidious poison, the conclusion must be admitted, that the habit costs more than it is worth.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

'Every Sunday Morning' Profaned.—The Presidents of the Banks at New Orleans, have resolved that a statement of their operations shall 'be submitted to a meeting of the Presidents, to assemble *every Sunday morning* at 9 o'clock, at the Union Bank of Louisiana, to devise proper modes of action for the Banks, and more fully to show their respective situation.'

The god of this world will not allow his votaries any rest. What a tyrant is this Mammon! What slaves are his subjects! How degrading to the nobler faculties of the soul to be compelled to think of nothing but 'filthy lucre' from week to week, and year to year! From such a profanation of the Sabbath it is questionable whether even temporary relief or advantage can be secured. And it is as certain as that God lives, who has said 'remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy'—that he will not hold guiltless the community from which the sanction is received to violate the time which is consecrated to his service. These remarks are more generally applicable than we wish they were.—*Charleston Observer.*

Important Chemical Discovery.—It appears, by translations from the 'Litterateur Francais' that the chemists have discovered a process by which they can remove writing from any paper without leaving the slightest marks which might lead to the suspicion of fraud. It is said that no ink can resist the power of this composition. The discovery has caused government to change its stamp, and to require that all papers should be renewed on the first of January each year. The chemists are engaged in preparing an ink which shall be truly indelible.

CAPTURE OF SLAVE SHIPS.—From December, 1834, to July 1836, (eighteen months,) a single British cruizer (the brigantine Buzzard, Lt. Campbell,) captured ten slave vessels, containing 3,460 Africans. The whole were under Spanish colors with the exception of two. The amount of prize money is so considerable as to afford the sum of 500*l.* to the common seamen belonging to the Brigantine.

THE CROPS.—The Cincinnati Gazette of the 6th inst. says—

For a few weeks past the weather, in this vicinity, has been very favorable for the crops of all descriptions. The prospect, not only here, but from all points, is, that average amounts may be justly looked for.

The Eastern (Md.) Gazette of Saturday says:—

Our farmers say there is now a fair prospect for a crop of wheat in this county.

The Harrisburg Reporter of Friday says:—

Every thing now wears a most delightful growing appearance. The grain fields which a short time ago, looked like a barren waste, now promise an abundant harvest, and which will, most unquestionably, in all this section of the country, at least, turn out the usual yield.

The Lancaster Journal of Friday says, that the late rains have greatly improved the crops, and, on the whole, vegetation of every kind looks well.

Late and important from Europe.—The packet ship Independence, Capt. Nye, at New York, brings London dates to the 23d and Liverpool to the 24th ult.

Five commercial houses in Liverpool largely connected with this country, have been obliged to stop payment.

It is stated positively, in the London papers of the 23d, that the directors of the Bank of England have resolved to give no further aid to the American and East India houses—at present.

The Manchester correspondent of the Journal of Commerce writes; 'Since the last packet sailed, five houses in the American trade at Liverpool have failed, and another was sustained by the aid of strong friends. Many bills will consequently go back unpaid, to aggravate your troubles. Last week was one of great despondency, no demand for goods, and the London prints predicting disastrous events approaching.'

On the 19th the House of Commons was engaged upon the several bills introduced by Lord John Russell, to diminish the number of crimes punishable with death. His bills proposed to repeal the punishment of death in 21 out of 37 offences, to which it is applied by the existing code. He looked forward to the possibility of abolishing it altogether, but thought it best to proceed gradually. The House went into committee on the bill, and the preamble was agreed to, 102 to 40.

France.—The recent acts of clemency appear to have much increased the King's popularity. He had gone about, as in former years, without guards, mingling freely among the people, and every where greeted with hearty acclamations. He promenaded for some time in the Garden of Plants, with only two or three attendants.

The Paris advices are to the 21st inclusive. The operatives of Paris were still suffering from want of employment, and the government was doing what it could for their relief.

Spain.—The Spanish forces at St. Sebastian commenced the expected attack upon the Carlist positions on the 14th, and in the course of three days captured Hernani, Irun, Fontarabia, and several other places. It was thought that the Carlists were about to make a dash at Madrid, with all their force.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Philanthropic Society in the Theological School of Harvard University will be holden in the University Chapel on the afternoon of the 19th of July next.

Subject for Discussion.—The alleged deficiency of ministers at the present time, and the means of supplying it.

All gentlemen who may feel an interest in the subject, are respectfully solicited to be present and take part in the discussion.

B. F. BARRETT, *Secretary.*

Cambridge, June 21.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Pierpont, Mr John H. Welch, of the firm of Parks, Welch & Co. to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of John W. Trull Esq.

By Rev. Mr Stow, Mr James Loring to Miss Hannah Chandler.

At Dorchester, by Rev. Dr Harris, Mr Willard Shumway, of Boston, to Miss Susan Parker, of D.

At Concord, by Rev. Dr Ripley, Robert B. Storer Esq. of this city to Miss Sarah Sherman, second daughter of Hon. Samuel Hoar.

At Duxbury, June 4th, E. J. Cushing, of Boston to Miss Mary S. daughter of Capt. James Winsor, of D.

At Athol, by Rev. Mr Huntington, Rev. P. Smith of Warwick, to Miss Fidelia Estabrook, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Joseph Estabrook, of A.

At Meredith Bridge, N. H. June 14th by Rev. John K. Young, Mr Charles W. Warren, of Boston, to Miss Hannah B. Haven, of M. B.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr John Stimson, 25.

In this city, on Wednesday 14th inst. Robert, youngest child of Rev. Edward B. Hall, of Providence 11 months.

At Roxbury, on Thursday last, at the residence of her father (J. Lemist Esq.) Mrs Mary H. wife of Mr George Murdock of this city, 37.

In New York, 12th inst. Mr James H. Atherton, son of the Hon. Charles H. Atherton, of Amherst, N. H. 23.

In Charlestown, S. C. 5th inst. Mrs Elizabeth W. wife of Mr Geo. Seaver, of this city, 36.

LIBRARY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

ALL persons, who have books beloning to the Library of the University, are, by law, required to return them before or on Wednesday the 28th inst

The Library will be reopened for the use of books on Monday morning, July the 24th.

T. W. HARRIS, *Librarian.*

Cambridge, June 14th. 1837. j 24

GERMAN BOOKS.—The following valuable German Works are for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street.

Goethe's Werke, 56 vols. bound in 28,
Jean Paul Richer, 60 vols. bound in 24,
Franz Horn's Poesie und Beredsamkeit,
Wachler's Handbuch der Litteratur, 4 vols in 2,
Korner's Werke—Mullner's Werke,
Voss's Werke—Burger's Werke,
Chamisso's Gedichte—Ruckert's, Gedichte,
Uhland's Gedichte—Volkslieder—Lessing's Geist,
Schlosser's Geschichte des 18 und 19 Jahrhunderts
Schiller's Kabale und Liebe,
Gervinus National Litteratur—Wachler's do do.
Genthe Handworterbuch,
Boht's Geschichte der Neueren Deutschen Poesie
Faust Von Goethe
Deutsche Mythologue
Auguste Feste
Schlegel Vorlemaque
Bohtz History j 24

HALLAM, SCOTT, BULWER, JAMES, &c.

HALLAM'S state of Europe during the middle ages, American edition, 1 vol. octavo.
Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott.
Bulwer's Rise and Fall of Athens.
James' Attilla, a new romance.
Circumnavigation of the Globe, 1 vol. 18mo.
Sewall's Lectures on Phrenology, and all the new works, at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington st.
j 24 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

MISS MARTINEAU'S NEW WORK.

SKETCHES of Society in America, by Harriet Martineau, complete in two 12mo volumes, Received at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington st.
j 24 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

NEW SUPPLIES.

OFFERING of Sympathy, in handsome bindings, the best book in print for those in affliction, especially for parents bereaved of their children.
Allen's Questions, or select portions of the four Evangelist, part 2d, a new edition.
Allen's Questions on select portions of the Old Testament, part 1—Genesis.
N. B. Will be ready next week, *A Service Book for Sunday Schools*, to which is added a collection of Hymns. Compiled for the use of the *Boylston Chapel Sunday School*, Charlestown. By Rev. James Walker, D. D. second edition.
Those who wish to introduce this popular book will do well to apply soon, as this edition is already nearly all engaged.
On hand, a great variety of Sunday School Books.
BENJ. H. GREENE,
Sunday School Depository 124 Washington st. j24

MUSICAL BOOKS.

BOSTON Handel and Haydn Collection
Boston Academy Collection
The Choir or Union Collection
The Odeon, a Collection of Secular Melodies
The Ancient Lyre. By Zeuner.
Kingsley's Social Choir 2 parts
Boston Academy's Manual of Music
The Juvenile Lyre
The Juvenile Singing School &c. &c.
The above always on hand and for sale at the lowest prices by dozen or single copy at TICKNOR'S, 135 Washington street. j 24

ATHENS.—Visit to Constantinople and Athens: by Rev. Walter Colton, U. S. Navy, author of Ship and Shore. 1 vol.
SHIP AND SHORE: or Leaves from the Journal of a Cruise to the Levant. By an Officer in the U. S. Navy. 12mo. 1836.
INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL in Egypt, Arabia Petræa and the Holy Land. By an American. With a Map and Engravings.—2 vols.
EXCURSIONS to Cairo, Jerusalem, Damascus and Balbec, from the U. S. ship Delaware, during her recent cruise; with an attempt to discriminate between truth and error in regard to the sacred places of the Holy City. By George Jones, A.M. Chaplain U. S. Navy. For sale by TICKNOR, 135 Washington street. j 24

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S BOOK—Comprising advice on the conduct of Household Affairs in general, and particular directions for the preservation of Furniture, Bedding, &c; for the laying in and preserving of Provisions; with a complete collection of Receipts for economical Domestic Cookery—the whole carefully prepared for the use of American Housekeepers. By a Lady. For sale at TICKNOR'S 135 Washington street. j 24

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

NO exertions nor expense has been spared on the part of the Proprietors of this work to render it honorable to American Periodical Literature, and the assistance of the ablest writers in the country is secured for its pages.—Of more than 500 specimen numbers which have been sent to individuals who desired to judge of the character of the work, there has scarce been one which has not resulted in the subsequent subscription of the persons to whom it was sent—Upwards of 2000 favorable notices have appeared in the various prints in the United States.
A new volume commences in July.
WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
j 24 Publishers for New England.

ATHENS; its Rise and Fall—with Views of the Literature, Philosophy, and Social Life of the Athenian People. By Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq. MP. MA. author of Rienzi, &c. &c.—In 2 vols.
j 24 Received by JAMES MUNROE & CO.

SEWALL'S PHRENOLOGY.—An Examination of Phrenology, in two Lectures, delivered to the Students of Columbia College, February, 1837. By Thomas Sewall, M. D. Professor of Anatomy and Physiology. This day received at TICKNOR'S, 135 Washington street. j 24

PARLEY'S BIBLE CYCLOPEDIA.—Peter Parley's Bible Gazetteer, containing descriptions of places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. This day published and for sale at TICKNOR'S
j 24

FAMILY LIBRARY—New vol. A historical account of the circumnavigation of the Globe, 1 vol; just received, for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO.
j 24

HOME, by Miss Sedgwick—A new edition, in cloth binding, stamped; just published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. j 24

BABYLON IS FALLING: A Discourse preached in the Masonic Temple, to the Society for Christian Union and Progress, on Sunday morning, May 28, 1837; by its Minister, O. A. Brownson; just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. j 24

WILLIS'S POEMS, &c.—Melanie, and other Poems—by N. P. Willis—Crichton, by W. H. Ainsworth—Rookwood—Pickwick, in three parts—Athens, by Edward Lytton Bulwer—Incidents of Travel, by an American, &c. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. j 24

SOCIETY IN AMERICA.—By Harriet Martineau; Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO, 134 Washington street. j 24

OFFERING OF SMPATHY.—Just received from the binder, a fresh supply of Offering of Sympathy.
j 24 BENJ. H. GREENE, 124 Water St.

UNITARIAN THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

PUBLISHED and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO.
Ware's Sunday School Library 4 vols.
" Scenes and Characters 6 vols.
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Norton's Evidences of Genuineness of the Gospels
Noyes' Translations of the Psalms
" " of Job (new ed. in press)
Brooks' Family Prayers 12mo
Burnap's Lectures on Unitarianism 12mo
Meditations for the Sick, by Rev. J. Cole. 12mo
The above are for sale at very reduced prices at 134 Washington st. j 24

SALE AT AUCTION OF VALUABLE BOOKS.

Principally in Foreign Languages.

ON Saturday June 24, at 9 and 3 o'clock, at the Store No. 3 Tudor's Building opposite the east side of the New Court House, will be sold by WHITWETL, BOND & Co., a collection of valuable books in English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, German and other Languages. The Books may be seen during the three days preceding the day of the sale, and catalogues may be had at the office of Whitwell, Bond, & Co. and at the place of sale. J 17

PASTURAGE.

GOOD Pasturage for two horses, a few miles from the City: Inquire at this office. June 17

DENTISTRY.

GEORGE H. GAY, Dentist, No. 252 Washington st. June 17

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

At sun-set, on a green and sloping bank
Near where a babbling brook proclaimed itself,
A youthful mother stood with her bright child.
Four summer's suns that happy child had seen,
Four winter's storms had howled around her nest,
She budding Springs had seen, and Falls' decay;
Aye more: had heard a father's dying gasp,
An infant brother greet Life's morning light:
And change had taught her what change teaches all,
To ask those questions high, and deep, the *how*,
And *why*, of all things visible. Questions, those,
To which the oldest dwellers here in Time
Uncertain answers get. But she, the child,
Undoubting asked, for she had boundless faith.

'Dear mother, I have heard you tell
Of pretty flowers, and singing birds,
Of green hill-side, of quiet dell,
And sheep, and lowing herds.

The sheep, you said, were in the dell,
The lowing herds upon the hill,
The birds in trees and thickets dwell,
And flowers grow near the rill.

You told me true, my mother dear,
I see them here, I see them there;
But 'God,' you said, 'is far and near;
Our God is everywhere.'

Yet *where* is He? I see Him not;
And *what* is He? dear mother say:
I think'—quick, with the speed of thought,
That child did bound away.

With flowing robe, and streaming hair,
She ran along in eager haste,
And vanished 'mong the trees, just where
Her cottage-home was placed.

Ten minutes had not passed, before
That glowing child came back again,
And seized her mother's hand once more:
'My child, where have you been?'

'I've been to feed my bonny bird
Which I this morning quite forgot;
And while we talked, I thought I heard
His sad complaining note.'

'But why, my child, so quick away?
Why did you leave your mother so?'
'Mother, I could no longer stay,
For *something bade me go.*'

'That something, darling, in your heart
Which ever guides you to the good,
And bids you act the kindly part,
That thing is part of God.'

'Dear mother, then 'tis even so;
I know that good and God are one,
And from God goodness comes, I know,
As light comes from the sun.'

Go, simple-hearted child! and through life keep
That blessed faith; and ever seek for God
In good. When deep temptations come to thee—
In trial's hour—then lend thine ear to catch
That 'still small voice,' which in thy heart of hearts
Doth speak of Good, and God, and highest Heaven.
O, happy child! how oft the deepest delver
In the field of thought,—lost in the rubbish
He has raised, and blended by the dust—
Must seek, and take, thy guiding string to Heaven.

V.

[From the Western Messenger.]

TO THE WIND.

O melancholy winter wind, that makest moan
So sad, so sad and low,
Through the still midnight, while the sleeping snow
Lies in its death-trance, fix'd upon the moon;
O wind, that moanest that dull, steady tune,
Like some deep organ-pipe, left all alone—
By sweetest seraphs left,
Of sacred melody bereft,
And given to the wild fiends of the air
To sound, what mad discordant tones they list;—
O wind, wild as some phantom of the mist,
That sweeps with hollow groan the hill side bare—
I hear—I hear thy sullen, steady moan,
As here I sit alone!

Strange thoughts, strange feelings come and sit by me,
And look into their mirror—fantasy;
Mysteries, like thyself, strange wind, thou bringest;
Unto the soul, as to a harp thou singest
Hymns of unearthly harmony.

Type of the Spirit to whose solemn deeps
Thou with *thy* deep dost call:
Type of that mystery that never sleeps
Within the breast of all—
O wind, whether thou blowest sad and wild,
Or gently breathest with glad tones and mild,
When in the moonlit leaves the sleeping bird
By thy bland touch is stirr'd—
Whether thou ravest mid the forests bare,
Or bringest odours rare
From the sweet fields that load the warm Spring air—
Thou art a shadow of the soul of man
Now calm, now full of joy, now frantic glee—
Now wild as wild can be:
Now breathing fragrance to sweet Heaven—how glad!
Anon with whirlwind fury mad;
And often full of visions, dull and sad,
And hearing but its own strange harmony,
As now, O melancholy wind, I hear no sound but thee!

C. P. CRANCH.

THE OLD MAN, AND THE MOTHER'S HAND.

Why gaze ye on my hoary hair,
Ye children young and gay?
Your locks, beneath the blast of care,
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kiss'd from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
And kneeling pray for me.

But then, there came a fearful day,—
I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands bore me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

I pluck'd a fair white rose, and stole
To lay it by her side,
And thought strange sleep enchain'd her soul,
For no sweet voice replied.

That eve, I knelt me down in woe
And said a lonely prayer,
Yet still my temples seem'd to glow
As if that hand were there.

Years fled—and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear,
I rose a wild and wayward boy
Who scorn'd the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed,
Yet, ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell and wept.

Youth came—the props of virtue reel'd—
But oft at day's decline,
A marble touch my brow congeal'd—
Blest Mother!—was it thine?

In foreign lands I travell'd wide,
My pulse was bounding high,
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
And pleasure lur'd my eye;

Yet still *that hand*, so soft and cold,
Maintain'd its mystic sway,
As when amid my curls of gold
With gentle force it lay.

And when it breath'd a voice of care
As from the lowly sod,
'My son, my only one, beware!
Nor sin against thy God.'

This brow the plumed helm displayed
That guides the warrior throng,
Or beauty's thrilling fingers stray'd
These manly locks among.

That hallow'd touch was ne'er forgot!
And now, though time hath set
His frosty seal upon my lot,
These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Savior dear,
Have led the wanderer there.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FERRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A RHINE SKETCH.

By T. C. Grattan, Esq., Author of 'Highways and Bye ways.'

It is a pleasant arrangement among the peasantry of all countries, that the 'daily bread' for which the fathers work so hard is brought to them by one of their children. This may appear a small matter; but time and circumstances often give great importance to small matters. The precision with which the German laborers rest from their toil at ten o'clock in the morning, would of itself make one attach an exclusive value to that chosen hour. The thought that so many thousands of rural workmen are at that given moment reposing on the broad lap of nature, picturesquely served by their sons or daughters, and taking their simple refreshment with wholesome appetites and thankful hearts, is a pleasant thought. It puts one in good humor with human nature. It is pleasanter still to look closely on some group in your field or your garden so employed, and the preparatory hand-washing in the nearest fountain or stream might prepare you to expect a ceremony more elaborate than that of sitting down to eat a section of dry brown bread—poetically called *black*—for the national motto of Germany, *Schwarzbrod* and *Freiheit*, is as much an exaggeration of fancy with regard to the *food* as to the *freedom*.

This is the *morgen-brod* of Germany, and the *abend-brod* is an *entremet* for four o'clock—a connecting link between dinner and supper. Now happy is the man whose wife can afford to send him a jug of coffee at these middle meals; and happy was Johan Reisacher. Not that he had a wife at the time I knew him, but just a maiden sister who made his bed, his soup, and his coffee, with due attention and regularity. He *had*, however, a daughter—the child of his old age, the consolation of the widower, his every-day companion out of school-hours, the knitter and mender of his stockings, and the Hebe of his *abend-brod*.

Susannah Reisacher was one of those hardy, straight-forward, strong-built, and sober-minded children that we meet with now and then; and at the first glance we assure ourselves that, be their condition what it may, they will inevitably make the best of it, and thrive progressively through life, without any other distinction than that of always doing their duty. Susannah fully bore out the promise of her countenance. She was one of the most diligent and orderly scholars of Sasbach school, the most attentive to the duties of household affairs, and steady beyond comparison in those she owed to her old father and her elderly aunt. She was twelve years old when she first attracted my notice; and her father had been ferryman of Sasbach, in the district or parish of Breisach, for more than double that number of years. And it must be confessed that old Reisacher had the appearance of one who had been blown about by the *east* winds of life. He looked more worn than his thread-bare gray jacket, and yet there was an air of precaution and economy about him that promised an unusual length of days both to himself and to his warbrobe. He was the oracle of his village, and a remarkable man in his way. He could ascertain when a dog or a cow had been looked at by an evil eye, and, if invoked, would counteract this spell, by burning certain withered leaves at midnight, in presence of the afflicted quadruped. He could, moreover, stop the gaping mouths of insignificant wounds by the mysterious utterance of two or three sentences, (which no one ever heard;) and these (when assisted by cob-webs, or certain chewed leaves) had been known to produce miraculous results.

But I must not trust myself with the precise detail of his many superfluous accomplishments. Let those already mentioned suffice; and let him stand out in my picture as a part and parcel of a group in which he does not form the principal figure—an adjunct of that deep-rolling river on which my scene is laid, in which he enthusiastically gloried, from a conviction that he somehow (he knew not *how*) belonged to it or it to him. He often used to say, as he looked on it in its angry moods, that it was *'gastlich schon,'* which is, being interpreted, 'horribly beautiful,' and such it certainly was on the day that forms the epoch of my *sketch*.

It was within a few minutes, more or less, just four o'clock, on the 15th of September, 1831, when I resolved to cross by the Sasbach ferry, and resume my evening walk on the other side of the river; for the mid-day meal had been long over, and like all eaten bread, soon forgotten. But, on approaching the well-known boat, I paused to observe the innocent appropriation of the hour, on the part of my old acquaintance and his young attendant. There stood Susannah in the middle of the boat—her feet and legs unconscious of shoes and stockings; and there sat old Johan, at one end of it, indulging in all the garrulous greetings common to the proprietors of wrinkles and gray hairs. The coffee-jug, which he at times applied to his lips, seemed to liquidize his imagination; and from his smiles and gestures, I could fancy him in a diluted state of feeling altogether amiable. The *schwarz-brod* remained beside him for graver discussion. But just at this moment I was unfortunately perceived, and the meal came to an untimely end.

With all the ready bustle of one who wisely and habitually considers his business as of more importance than his ease, friend Reisacher rose from his seat, laid his hand on the oar, declared himself ready, with his usual obstinate activity; and, on my stepping into the boat, he proceeded to make his angular transit, first against the current, and then with it, with geometrical precision; and in five minutes we were at the opsite side of the river, which moved on in a sullen swell, reflecting the dark and heavy autumn clouds that rolled slowly above. During those five minutes I had succeeded in tempting the venerable *connoisseur* to accompany me to a village not quite half a league from the ferry, for the purpose of looking at a wood-ranger's horse, which, making liberal allowance for the errors of its education and its potatoe diet, was very much the sort of an animal that I had a mind to purchase.

To ask the opinion of Johan Reinsecher on such a matter was to bind him to you for ever. But I scarcely know what unlucky prophecy, or abortive imprecation might have followed the rejection of his advice if once solicited.—There was a self-opinionated stubbornness about him, that never forgave a slight offered to his judgment. But I am again dipping into his character, when it is his daughter's conduct I want to describe.

'Susannah, child,' said the old man, 'keep the boat here, and wait for me, I shall be back in *three little half hours*. Let no one persuade you to cross, for the wind is rising, and the current is very strong: and the weather seems upon the change: I feel that we shall have a squally evening. But I shall be with you in time to take you home, and excuse you from your good aunt Lena's scolding for staying out so long.' And so saying, he drew up, coiled the rope round a tree hard by, and away we went, the weather-seer carefully avoiding to look up at the sky (which could have told any fool that bad weather was coming) lest his atmospheric sagacity might appear less profound than he meant to believe it.

Susannah took out her blue worsted stocking, and multiplied its parallelograms, comfortably indifferent to the cold gusts that swept across the valley.

But after a time, the heavy cloud which old Reisacher preferred not seeing, and the chilling wind which his daughter seemed determined not to feel, began to burst and hiss; and a sudden stop was put to one of my companion's vainglorious panegyrics on his own infallibility of judgment in matters of horse-flesh, by a loud crash of thunder.

'There will be a storm,' said I.

'Aye, indeed there will; but I scarcely thought it would be so bad as what is coming,' replied Johan, thoughtfully, and staring full in the face of the lowering sky. 'Yet the child need not get wet for all that, unless she likes it; for is not there the old tarpaulin and the oars, whereof she may make a covering?'

I saw clearly that old Reisacher was appealing to himself, rather than to me, so I waited until his inclination prompted him to step out faster on our way to the woodranger's house, which we at last reached, as nearly wet through as it was possible to be. The wood-ranger was at home, but the horse was not; and the storm increased, and so, at last, did the father's anxiety about his only child.

'I must go back,' said he, gazing from the eminence we stood on, back towards the Rhine; 'Susannah will be frightened. Pray look at the river, Sir, I never saw it more furious, and never so suddenly aroused. It is *gastlich schon!* Isn't it?

'It is a fine sight to look at from this safe distance,' said I; 'but it has few charms for the poor fellows in that boat, that is tossed about so roughly.'

''Tis true for you, Sir; I doubt if it be not in great danger,' observed Johan, eyeing keenly the wave-buffeted little craft to which I called his attention. It was heavily laden with a large freight of firewood, so heavily that even in the smoothest weather, the gunwale would have touched the water's edge. It was in the middle of the river, endeavoring to force its way up against the stream, by the aid of a square and tattered looking sail, but every effort of the men who managed it was baffled by the extreme violence of the waves, which we could plainly see washing clear over it from stem to stern.

'I'll just wish you good evening, Sir, and hurry on to the ferry: and I hope the boat may have succeeded in passing it before I arrive, for that ledge of rock just above the station is hard to steer past in such a dreadful squall,' said my companion, with benevolent anxiety. But I was not disposed to part with him thus. The dangers to which the unhappy boatmen were exposed, was attraction sufficient to lead me closer to the scene; and old Johan and I proceeded rapidly together on our way back, hurried silently forward by the force of mere excitement, and never losing sight of the struggling vessel, which, though it made scarcely any way, was nevertheless gaining on us, as we approached the ferry in a now nearly parallel line with the river.

Every moment that led us nearer, showed us the increasing peril of the frail craft; and I thought I could distinguish at times a despairing cry for aid from the two men who were imperfectly managing her, and whose gestures, as she was heavily tossed to and fro by the angry swell, spoke a plain story of terrified helplessness. A hollow in the road made us lose sight of her for a few minutes; and as we ascended again, in breathless impatience, we caught a new view, which confirmed our worst forebodings. The boat, either from the rudder being unshipped, or the man at the helm being washed down by a wave, had turned completely round, and was swept across to almost the other side of the river, by the strong side wind, and the violent eddy. Every wave threatened to swamp it altogether; and it was drifting fast into the ledge of rocks alluded to by Reisacher and over which there was now a foam of breakers scarcely to be believed by any one who has not seen the Rhine in one of its angriest moods. We were now within a few hundred yards of the ferry.

The cries for help were less frequent, for there was to all appearance no help at hand.—Four or five peasants, men and women, stood at different points on the bank, throwing up their hands, and screaming unavailing advice or consolation to the poor boatmen; and now and then the dismal echo of their shouts was felt rather than heard, as I and my old companion ran along the slippery road.

In a few minutes more the boat drifted into an eddy most particularly dreaded by the old ferryman.

It's all over with her now; and there she goes, sure enough!' exclaimed Reisacher, as a powerful wave caught the boat under the side, and turned it keel upwards.

'They must be lost before we can reach the river,' added he, catching at the railing by the roadside, overcome by agitation and exertion, while I stopped to recover my breath, and stared down into the river from the precipitate bank. The rain now swept in sheets up the stream, and almost hid every object upon it; but I fancied I distinguished, like a phantom boat in the mist, old Johan's little skiff, striving to plunge through the waves, and rocked like a cradle by the opposing influence of wind and tide.

'No, it cannot be! Yet—yes, it is, it is Susannah striving to steer towards the wreck!' exclaimed I, involuntarily. The old man's eyes, dim from age, but their vision quickened by affection, were fixed, like mine, in straining scrutiny; and when his gaze was sure of its object, he cried out in a tone of bitterest anguish—

'Oh, my child! my Susannah!—It *is* her—it *is* the boat. She will perish. Oh save her! save her! *Herr Gott!*' And with incredible speed he darted away from our resting-place. I soon overtook him, and supported him on my arm, as he tottered, panting and exhausted, to the tree against which his little skiff had been erewhile coiled. We now saw it within fifty yards of us on the boiling surf, and the heroic child—her young heart buoyant with pity's life-blood—working her helm like oar with all her strength, and looking pale and stern at the rain and the waves, which drenched her through and through,—at the furious wind, which had loosened her long hair, and sent it streaming around her,—and at the broad lightning, which gave, at intervals, a supernatural hue to her whole person. She was, in a minute or two more, in the power of the formidable current, in which the half-drowned men now clung to their boat, and she was in nearly as much danger as they were. It was a moment of actual distraction for her father, and of indescribable awe to me. I never shall forget the sensation of that fearful interval of suspense.

The grey-headed old man now gasped convulsively; and, wildly stretching forth his arms, he flung himself on the earth, as if to shut out the scene of almost inevitable death. The despairing men were, with hoarse, faint voices, hailing and cheering on the intrepid girl, and giving what snatches of instruction they could utter as to the means of approaching them. But, alas! the utmost strength of a child, fortified, as it must have been, by a powerful feeling of religious confidence and a noble courage, was insufficient for so severe a struggle; and I had the deep anguish of seeing the wreck, and the forlorn brothers who hung upon it with a fierce yet enfeebled grasp, swept by within a dozen yards of the ferry-boat.

At this moment old Reisacher started up, and he would have plunged into the merciless river, had I not forcibly held him back; but, screaming louder than the storm, his voice now reached Susannah, and it seemed at once to paralyse all her power and skill. She cast her looks by turns on the wretched objects she would have saved, and on the half-maddened parent who seemed rushing in a frantic effort to assist her.

At this crisis, Martin Buckholz, one of the brothers, perceiving that their combined hope of safety depended entirely on the possibility of his gaining the ferry-boat—for his companion could not swim—he resolved to trust himself, inexpert, exhausted, and encumbered as he was, to the chances of the torrent. He slipped down into the water, struck out his new-nerved arms to buffet every wave, and rolling and plunging with the fierce energy of despair, he little by little approached the skiff. Susannah regained her presence of mind, and she labored at her oar with renewed strength and redoubled efforts. She soon met the bold swimmer: he grasped the prow—heaved himself up the side—caught the oar from his preserver's hands—and though now a considerable distance from the heavy-rolling wreck, he came up with it just as his brother was fainting from exhaustion and terror, and lifted him safely into the skiff.

And how to describe old Reisacher's delight, quick following his despair, as he saw the ferry boat bounding triumphantly across the waves, with its miraculously-rescued freight;—the tears, the blessings, the thanksgivings—the love, the pride, the gratitude!—all fell down in plenteous showers upon the head of his child, or rose up to Heaven in fervent but silent thought.

Susannah—calm, modest, and apparently unconscious in the midst of all our united praise and admiration—was destined to the conviction that she had done a virtuous and heroic action without knowing at the time, its uncommon merit.

The Grand Duke of Baden, on hearing the circumstance, was pleased to bestow a gratuity of two hundred florins on our little heroine, together with a medal, as a special mark of distinction, bearing the inscription, 'She trusted in God.' She was, when I last saw her, a year after the adventure, receiving the full benefit of an excellent education; for some voluntary subscriptions produced her many additional advantages; and she walked at the head of her village school-fellows, in their daily promenades, with a step as composed, and a look as unassuming, as before the event which has given her name its local immortality.

But since the year 1831 friend Roisacher has lost his old sister and given up the ferry. But the gratitude of Martin and George Buckholz, does not allow him to want the comforts of a house in his old age; and I should not be at all surprised to hear at any day (for Susannah is now seventeen) that the gratitude of Martin who is still unmarried, was about to give a still more permanent expression of his attachment to the younger remaining member of the female branch of the Reisacher family.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

An honest New England farmer started one very cold day in winter, with his sled and oxen into the forest, a half a mile from home, for the purpose of chopping some wood. Having felled a tree he drove the team along side, and commenced chopping it up. By an unlucky hit he brought the whole bit of the axe across his foot, with a sidelong stroke. The immense gash so alarmed him as to nearly deprive him of all strength. He felt the warm blood filling his shoe. With great difficulty he succeeded in rolling himself on to the sled, and started the oxen for home. As soon as he reached the door he called eagerly for help. His terrified wife and daughter with much effort lifted him into the house, as he was wholly unable to help himself, saying his foot was nearly severed from the leg. He was laid carefully on the bed, groaning all the while very bitterly. His wife hastily prepared dressings, and removed the shoe and sock, expecting to see a desperate wound, when, lo! the skin was not even broken. Before going out in the morning he wrapped his feet in *red* flannel, to protect them from the cold: the gash laid this open to his view, and he thought it flesh and blood. His reason not correcting the mistake, all the pain and loss of power which attends a real wound followed. Man often suffers more from the imaginary evils, than from real ones.

There was a boy in my class at school (says Sir W. Scott,) who stood always at the top, nor could I, with all my efforts, supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place do what I would, till at length I observed that when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his finger at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes, and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure, and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned his finger sought for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, nor ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation, but it ended in good resolutions.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

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